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## Original Novelet.

### THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance  
OF  
FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
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#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE MILL OF MAITRE JEAN.

Pierre Bart and his young charge had not much to talk about, as they rode in the shadows of the great hills towards the mill of St. Tron. The night was falling fast, and already, where the wood was thickest, a veil of darkness shrouded the horse-path. But the pony knew well the way he had often travelled, and trotted on with even pace. At intervals, through openings in the heavy foliage, glimpses could be had of the river, flowing silently between its narrow banks, and the publican reflected how, at that moment, the Liégeois were preparing to defend their city, through which ran the same stream; a stream that might quite speedily be crimsoned with their blood. He had learned from the attendants of Duke Charles that a grand attack was shortly to be made upon St. Tron and Liège, and, as he likewise knew that rumors were rife of the French King's approach to the succor of the insurgents, he doubted not that a bloody battle would ere long take place between the contending armies. Apprehensive of the troubles and disorders that might then arise, Pierre Bart had determined in his own mind to take measures for the safety of the child Angela—who was in truth dearer to him than all other objects; and he was the more anxious to carry into practice such plans as he had formed, from the fear which he now felt that the visit of the strange French noble, and the sudden affection conceived by Lady Margaret for the young maiden, might bode a separation between the latter and himself. This consideration, as will presently be seen, had induced his abrupt journey to the Mill of St. Tron, rather than any lack of procreder in the stables of the "Blue Boar."

A ride of two hours brought Pierre Bart and his child to the house of his brother-in-law, the worthy miller, who was known throughout the neighborhood by the name of Jean Schaffer, or more commonly Maitre Jean. Unlike his portly kinsman, the publican, who was in sooth a walking signboard of the "Blue Boar's" excellent fare, Maitre Jean, as he appeared at the door of the mill, in answer to Pierre's loud summons, presented the figure of a thin, tall, and somewhat stooping man, with a face that exhibited little of the other's moony fullness. He was apparently about sixty years of age, but, though spare and gaunt, he seemed in no wise destitute of strength or power of endurance. Still it was plain, from the cautious manner of his approach, and a shifting expression of his eyes, that Maitre Jean possessed in a super-eminent degree that quality of caution which Duke Charles had averred to be a Swiss's natural trait.

But, cautious as were his movements, there was no lack of cordiality in the greeting that Maitre Jean gave to his brother-in-law, and certainly none in the resounding kiss which the good man bestowed upon Angela, as he lifted her from the pony's back. The girl, on her part, seemed no less pleased to embrace her uncle, and taking his hand, in high spirits, followed him speedily into the mill, while Pierre Bart rode the horse to his kinsman's stable at the rear of the dwelling.

"And what brings thee, chick, to the mill at late hour?" inquired Maitre Jean, as he seated Angela on a stool drawn near the blazing fire. "Surely no evil threatens my good brother—though, in times like these—alack! we know not what to look for!" And the miller shook his head ruefully, gazing round, with a peering glance, as if apprehensive of being overheard.

"Oh, no! praise be to all the saints, Uncle Jean!" replied the maiden. "To be sure, thou wouldst hardly know the 'Blue Boar' now, with so many brave gentlemen and great lords marching up and down so grandly!"

"What do I hear, Angela?" cried the old miller, hastily. "The 'Blue Boar' filled with lords and gentlemen? And who, chick, may they be? Canst tell if they be French, or Flemish, or Dutch, or—?"

"Nay, but Burgundians, with the blue favors and scarfs and red-crosses on their bright armor," returned Angela. "Oh, they be noble and rich gentlemen, Simon Guff says—and the Prince Duke himself is with them—and they are—oh, dear Uncle Jean! they are to fight and slay the poor people of Liège, in a great battle, Simon says! But here is my father, who will tell thee all, uncle."

"Angela said this, the publican appeared at the door, and Maitre Jean made way for him at the bedside. At the same time, in answer to the miller's call, a white-frocked serving-man entered, with a great bundle of fagots, which he threw upon the crackling fire. Then drawing up an oak table, on which he placed a couple of flagons, and handing to his master a cobwebbed bottle of wine, the man withdrew from the apartment, leaving the two kinsmen and the young maiden to themselves.

"So, the Burgundians are here," said Maitre Jean. "I have marvelled all day because of the great stir in our forest, but bade my man Franz keep ward in the mill, and go not forth, lest ill might happen. 'Franz,' quoted I, 'had neighbors will find us out speedily enough, without giving them invitations before hand.' So, Franz

stirred not from the mill, though methinks I heard a trumpet sound thrice or more."

"In good sooth, Maitre Jean," replied the publican, "there be worse masters to serve than Charles of Burgundy. A right royal and liberal guest is he, though somewhat hasty in speech, 'tis true—What think ye, Maitre Jean? It is the Duke himself who hath made headquarters of the 'Blue Boar,' and, by my faith, I do fear the men of Liège will rue the day they trusted to the French King's promises. There must be a mighty army at the Burgundian's back, for the pennons and colors of his knights and lords are as many, one would almost swear, as there be provinces in France itself!"

"The Duke of Burgundy is in truth a powerful prince," returned Jean Schaffer, who pride himself not a little on the possession of accomplishments, which in that period, few knights or even nobles could boast, and which were no less, indeed, than the clerical arts of reading and writing. "He hath away, brother Pierre, over territories large as the kingdom of the English; and he hath ambition to be tenfold mightier than he is." Maitre Jean, in saying these last words, sunk his voice to a whisper, and twisted nervously on the wooden bench which formed his seat.

"He would be King—of France, perhaps?" said Pierre Bart, suggestively.

"More than that," replied Maitre Jean, shaking his head.

"Diable! more than that?"

"Ay—mayhap Germany would not content him—ay, nor Italy! if what men say be true, that he likes best the courtier who calls him—not Charles le Teméraire—but Carlo Magnus!" The miller's thin cheek flushed a moment, as he uttered this, and he fell into a thoughtful silence. But Pierre Bart, who entertained for his learned brother-in-law a respect the more profound, because he was usually totally unable to comprehend him, poured out a flagon of wine, and drank it off at a swallow. Then, depositing the tankard on the table.

"God save us!" cried he, "we are talking of forbidden things! What boots it to millers and publicans, if Charles le Teméraire be King or Duke?"

"Or Emperor," interrupted the miller. Then, as if vexed at his own expression, he went on quickly—"But, as thou sayst, kinsman! what poor dogs like us to do with the royal line. Let us only avoid his teeth, and 'ware his claws!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Pierre Bart, who saw in this a jest worthy to be enjoyed. "But, Angela, *ma mignonnette*," he continued, laying his hand tenderly on the maiden's head, which reclined against her uncle's breast. "I have not heard the ask once for poor Mama Babette, who is not here, as is her wont."

"Because Mama Babette—because—because—" cried Angela, hesitatingly.

"Because Mama Babette is out of thy graces, little one," rejoined Maitre Jean. "Ah! chick! thou shalt not think harshly of the poor old soul—or that she would harm thee?"

"Nay, dear uncle—I did fear she would harm thee," replied Angela. "She—she! Ah! I cannot tell—I do not know—but, indeed, I cannot love Mama Babette!" And tears glittered suddenly in the maiden's brilliant eyes, which she vainly would hide, but Maitre Jean kissed them quickly away.

"Well, *petite*," said the miller, kindly, "we will not ask thee to love Mama Babette! Nevertheless, as thy father and I will now finish the flask, go thou, my dear Angela, and make friends with the old dragon, and bid her give thee a cup of the conserve, which she keeps in store. Run, pretty one!" And Jean Schaffer patted his fair niece's cheek, and with another kiss released her from his arms, while she puttingly shook her finger at him a moment, and then, spite of her prejudice against Mama Babette, hurried to seek the old woman in her own peculiar domain—the upper chamber of the mill.

Mama Babette was the housekeeper, or *meunière*, of Jean Schaffer, and she ruled with an iron sway, not only over the mill, of which she was considered in the light of *châtelaine*, but over the miller and his man. She was a rugged, coarse-featured, and masculine old dame, with straggling tufts of hair growing upon her chin and upper lip; she wore an inflexible Norman head-piece, at least two feet high, above her forehead; she was angular in figure, and abrupt in speech, and possessed a malevolent eye which frightened those at whom she looked when angry—for it then burned redly, as if inflamed. Such was the *concierge*, or housekeeper of our studious miller, and it was hardly a marvel that Angela should have conceived for her little affection. Nevertheless, in compliance with her uncle's desire, and the more because she comprehended that her two kinsmen were anxious to consult privately together, the maiden proceeded to seek out Mama Babette.

To do this, she was obliged to ascend a very narrow and crooked flight of stairs—but Angela well-knew all the localities of the old mill, which she had visited hundreds of times, and so she speedily found her way to the upper place, lighted only by the moon-beams that now struggled through the open casement at the head of the



ANGELA AND MAMA BABETTE.

stairs. We will leave her, for the present, to make her reluctant compliments to Mama Babette, while we return to the two kinsmen, as they drink their wine before the fire.

"It is of her that I would now speak to thee, Maitre Jean," remarked Pierre Bart, as he saw the old miller's glance follow affectionately the figure of Angela, as she left the room. "For in good sooth, I need thy council, brother of mine."

"Say on, Pierre."

"Thou knowest, Jean, that I love the child, as if she were mine own—as I do well believe, thou lovest her thyself, brother."

The miller nodded his head, while a tear glistened in his eye.

"It is now nine years since my good wife, thy sister, (God rest her soul!) was laid to sleep in holy ground—and since then, I have watched the baby of three years, grow up sometimes to the fair maiden who now is, with heart light as a bird's, and body graceful as the kid of our own Swiss mountains, brother."

"Ay! 'tis true—'tis true, Pierre!"

"Thou knowest well how I love the child; and it is because I am no scholar, Jean, and thou hast learning, by the art of which I know thee to be superior to my poor wit, that I came to-night, and ask thee—Maitre Jean! should I give up the pride of my heart—the joy of my lovely life—my little Angela?"

"What sayest thou, Pierre Bart? Give Angela up? And to whom, I pray thee, speak?" cried the miller, turning pale, and regarding his kinsman with an anxious look.

"Thou knowest, Maitre Jean, 'tis now twelve years since there came a horseman to the 'Blue Boar,' with an infant wrapt in his heavy cloak, and said—(ah! full well I remember that voice!) 'Here, publican! take this babe to thy wife, and bid her nurse it. Let a purse of gold pay thee! till the imp dies—and then thou shalt have two purses!'"

"And the horseman then galloped away, Pierre, leaving the poor babe in thy arms. Ay! I remember it well!"

"Even so, Maitre Jean—after he had cast the purse of gold upon the ground. The saints be praised! the gold is still in the selfsame purse! for no penny of the ill-bestowed gift would I charge my soul with spending. By'r Lady! so counselled my discreet wife, thy sister!"

"And well did my poor sister nourish and care for the little one," said Maitre Jean, "till it pleased Heaven to call her away from us—" "As it were her own babe," repeated Pierre Bart, ruminating. "And it is because I thought of thy sister, my good wife, and of her love for this dear child, whom we did call 'Angela,' as thou knowest—because, as Lisette said, it was an 'angel-gift' to us, who were childless—I say, it is because she loved the maiden that I came to thee, Maitre Jean, to-night, to crave counsel concerning her, and ask thee should I give her up!"

"To whom, Pierre Bart—I pray thee?"

"Listen! In the hostelry abides even now a traveller who arrived at midday—and Maitre Jean—I do know of a surety he is the same who twelve years ago gave me the child—our Angela."

"The horseman in the cloak?"

"Himself, Maitre Jean. And with him comes a lady, pale and ill, and hapless, I fear me—but, I doubt me not, she is the mother of our sweet Angela."

"And they demand that our Angela be restored to them?"

"Nay, brother, I said not that. But, listen! And Pierre Bart proceeded to relate what he had witnessed in the conduct of the French noble and his daughter—the wild demeanor of the lady towards Angela, and her gift of the gold heart to the maiden. He concluded by expressing his conviction that the object of the second visit of the Frenchman to the "Blue Boar" was to take possession of Angela, on some plea, without making known to the inn-keeper his identity with the horseman who gave the babe to his keeping.

"Thou art wrong," said Maitre Jean, after reflecting a short time. "The lady thou sayst is unhappy, and the father is not kind to her, and was wroth when she embraced Angela! Now, I bethink me of a plan to test the intent of this stranger. Leave Angela here, at the mill, and return without her."

"That is even as I did desire," answered Pierre Bart, "though my thought sped further than thine. I have heard thee talk for many a year concerning our native Swiss valleys, and of thy yearning to revisit it. What say'st thou now, Maitre Jean, of journeying to Switzerland for a season, and taking with thee our Angela?"

"It is well," replied the miller. "Nevertheless—there is justice, Pierre—and there is honesty, and there is love for Angela, to be taken into thy account. What think ye, brother? would it be right, if the unhappy lady would have her child restored, that thou or I should hinder? Answer me this, Pierre Bart!"

There was a struggle in the inn-keeper's mind for a moment, and then he answered,

"Nay—it would be a sin, Maitre Jean—a great sin."

"Ay, brother—and a wrong to the poor child, our beloved," rejoined the miller. "For, doubtless, the lady is rich—and it may be, noble."

"It is true, Maitre Jean."

"My counsel, then, is that Angela remain with Mama Babette to-night," continued Jean, "and thou must return to the hostelry. If it be the intention of this stranger to reclaim the child he left with thee, for its mother, there is but one course for us to pursue. But, if, peradventure, there be guile intended—as I fear me may well be—then the maiden is safe with her uncle. Let us trust in God, Pierre Bart, and wait."

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### MAMA BABETTE.

The two kinsmen having thus disposed of a subject so interesting to themselves, turned their conversation to the events transpiring in the neighborhood of St. Tron, and Pierre Bart recounted his colloquy with the great Burgundian leader who had made headquarters of the "Blue Boar." Meantime, Angela had been received, though with no generous welcome, by Mama Babette, the housekeeper, and was endeavoring to amuse that dragon of the mill with an artless description of the Burgundian soldiers, as she had caught sight of them in sundry peepings from concealed windows at the "Blue Boar." Mama Babette listened and nodded her head, but it was with a morose air and unsmiling countenance.

"I doubt me not," said the crone, in a pause of Angela's recital—"I doubt me not thy giddy head is already half turned by the trappings of the soldiery! It is ever a young butterfly that's cheated with sunshiny mornings. But the rain comes—the sun flies, as it lies broken and dead."

"Oh, Mama Babette! why wilt thou ever frighten me with thy fearful sayings! What hath the poor butterfly to do with the soldiers that I was telling thee about?"

"Nothing—ah! nothing, pretty favorite—beautiful angel, that simple father of thine—and his simple brother, my master—call thee. Nothing—angel, that art mortal, like old Babette!"

"Ay, we are all mortal, truly the good priest saith," remarked Angela, becoming suddenly serious. "We must all die—thou and I, Mama Babette!"

"And who cares whether Babette dies or whether she lives?" cried the housekeeper, in a querulous tone, while her eyes seemed to reddens in the glare of the fitful flame that was cast by a resin-tuft which burned on a ledge above the hearthstone.

"Nay—would not Uncle Jean care? And would not Pierre Bart care? And," the maiden paused a moment, as if first asking the question of herself, "and would not I care, Mama Babette?"

"No! thou would'st not!" returned the crone, sharply uttering the negative, as if it were a missile instead of a word. "No! butterfly! gaudy, painted plaything as ye are—it would gild thee to see the old woman lying stark before thee! But—ah! I'll live to see thee wish for thine own death, angel as you are!"

Angela shrank back appalled from the malignant old woman who thus threatened her. The red glare of the crone's eyes terrified her, so that she had no power to reply. She could only shade her own eyes with her small hands, and

try to repress the tears which now began to gush. Mama Babette regarded her with a sinister smile.

At length the maiden, by a strong effort, mastered her emotion, and controlled the passion of tears in which, had she been alone, her sensitive nature would have sought relief. She rose calmly from the stool that she had occupied, and said—

"Mama Babette! I fear thou art unhappy—or very wicked. I will pray, when I return home to-night, that the Virgin may soften thy heart. Good-night, Mama Babette!"

Angela put forth her hand to the *concierge*; but the latter recoiled and refused to take it. Nevertheless the red glare that had burned so balefully on the maiden no longer sought her gaze, but fell to the floor. Mama Babette, though her evil nature would not allow her to show it, felt herself rebuked by the gentle voice of the young girl. Yet she hated her none the less.

When Angela had left the presence of this woman, her young heart seemed to beat with freer pulsations, and she hastened lightly down the staircase. But, reaching the midway landing, opposite a casement through which the moonbeams had been streaming, the maiden was suddenly conscious of a crimson glare before her, and started as if again beneath the influence of Mama Babette's eyes. But a single glance showed her that the entire sky, as far as visible through the window, was of a lurid hue, and illumined the forest and hills afar off as with the light of day.

"Blessed Saint Virgin!" murmured Angela, crossing herself with a quick prayer; "what great light can it be? I fear me the poor town of St. Tron is on fire." And, with renewed haste, the maiden descended the staircase, and entered the room where sat the miller and his kinsman, to whom she hurriedly related what she had seen.

"It is, without doubt, true, Angela," said Pierre Bart; "the attack has been commenced by the van of the army upon St. Tron, and it may be the town is now in flames! Hark! was not that—aye, truly, it was the noise of those deadly cannon of which, it is said, the Duke of Burgundy hath great store." As he spoke, the distant thunder of artillery broke the silence of the night, and Pierre Bart moved quickly to the mill door, followed by Maitre Jean and the maiden.

As they looked up, on gaining the open air, they beheld the entire sky reddened, so that stars and even moon were but dimly seen. The reflection, at the same time, played upon the high tree-tops, and trembled through the sloping aisles of the wood, whilst the stream which flowed by the mill was of a dark crimson hue.

"It is the fit covering of battle," said the miller, solemnly; "when Christians slay each other, it is meet that the stars should be hidden, and the rivers run bloody." And Maitre Schaffer glanced shudderingly at the apparently discolored stream.

"Hark! again!" cried Pierre Bart, as the report of another cannon was answered by a hundred forest echoes; "that is nearer than St. Tron!"

"There will be a dreadful battle—will there not, uncle?" asked Angela, pressing close to Maitre Jean, who looked pale and anxious; "ah! it is not yet wicked for the Duke to slay the poor people of St. Tron!"

"Hush, child! thou knowest naught of these things," interposed Pierre Bart; "give me a kiss, Angela, for I will even leave thee here to-night, with our good Maitre Jean, thy uncle, while I return forthwith to the hostelry."

"And why, dear father, must I stay?" cried Angela, as an indefinable fear began to influence her; "why am I not to go with thee to our home?"

"Nay, it is for thy safety, *petite*," answered Pierre Bart, caressing her; "thy uncle and myself fear that the soldiery may be troublesome at the 'Blue Boar'—that is all; and thou art better here, child, for a day or so."

"But, I fear for thee, father."

"Nonsense, little one! I am under the good Duke's special protection, as thou must be under Maitre Jean's. Now, *Mignonnette*, one more kiss, and I will to horse."

The inn-keeper stooped and tenderly kissed the maiden, in whose eyes new tears had now gathered, and then walked away quickly to the stables where he had left his horse. Maitre Jean pressed the trembling hand which clung to his, and thus they stood upon the threshold of the mill door, as the publican, mounted on his pony, clattered around the corner of the building, and, waving his hand, galloped swiftly away through the forest-aisles, made light by the lurid sky.

Angela watched him as long as the least glimpse of his frame was discernible—listened till the hoof-tread died in the distance. Then a strange weight seemed to oppress her, and across her mind flitted a thought—"where goeth he?"

But Maitre Jean shivered, and said, "Let us go in. The night is cold, my little one."

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE BURNING INN.

Pierre Bart continued on his homeward road, at as fast a pace as the pony could be urged to make; and it was not till he had accomplished half the journey that he bethought him of his neglect in regard to the ostensible purpose of his expedition—the obtaining of a supply of meal. In the hurry of parting and alarm consequent on discerning the signs of what he supposed was the conflagration of St. Tron, the publican had entirely forgotten that he had received the safe-guard of his Burgundian guest on the representation of his errand being to the mill for a sack of grain. He comforted himself, however, with the reflection that, in the hurry of preparations for battle, his return would scarcely be noticed, or that, perhaps, the "Blue Boar" might even now be evacuated by the soldiers of Charles. Nevertheless, it was not without unaccountable misgivings in his mind, which he could not banish, that Pierre Bart neared the highway skirting the forest at whose extremity was located the hostelry; and once, indeed, he was tempted to turn aside to the ravine path, and gain his own premises through the secret subterranean passage. This idea, however, he dismissed immediately, as he well knew his presence, without having passed the sentinels, should they still be posted, might begot inquiries which he would find it difficult to answer. He kept on, therefore, wondering greatly at the increasing brightness of the sky, until at length, after more than an hour's brisk ride, he gained the borders of the wood, and emerged upon the highway. Arrived there, Pierre Bart discovered, in surprise and dismay, the cause of that lurid light which had deepened on his advance. It was the conflagration, not of St. Tron, but of his own house, the "Blue Boar" hostelry.

The publican checked his horse, with a cry of affright, and for a moment sat paralyzed with terror in his saddle. Then, spurring the animal anew, he galloped wildly forward, and presently found himself in the midst of a score of soldiers, who, with loud shouts, surrounded him, while one of them seized his horse's head. "Dismount, villain!" "Let him not escape!" were the sudden cries that appalled Pierre Bart, who, ere he could raise arm or voice, was grasped by violent hands, and dragged roughly from the saddle.

"It is the treacherous publican!" cried a tall archer, who clutched him fiercely by the neck. "Aye! the incendiary—the spy!" exclaimed a man-at-arms, forcing the unhappy Pierre Bart, with great strength, to his knees.

"Mercy! what would ye, my masters?" cried the inn-keeper; "in the name of St. Andrew and all the Saints, what have I done, that ye use me thus violently?"

"Oh, dog!" growled the man-at-arms; "we will show thee presently. Here, Antoine, tie this arrant knave with thy bow-string, while I hold his hands. 'Twas the Duke's orders he should be taken dead or alive. Stir not, treacherous publican! or the bow-string shall go twice round thy neck, and my dagger will give thee *coup de grace* with one twist. Aye, now thou'rt secure!"

Bewildered and terrified, as he saw the flames of his burning home rising fitfully with great clouds of smoke—for the roof and floors had fallen in, and naught but a gulf of smouldering fire appeared between the massive stone walls—Pierre Bart knew not what terrible calamity might presently befall him. He glanced fearfully at the faces, inflamed with wrath, that surrounded him, and seemed in the red glare like the lineaments of demons; and feeling the tight cords with which his hands were bound, as well as hearing the threats of the man-at-arms, he sank, more dead than alive, upon the ground. Multifarious crowds of archers and men-at-arms approached from every side, while a confused mass of torches, gleaming armor, lances, and pennons, appeared upon the highway and throughout the wood, still illumined by the burning tavern.

"Ha! the Duke returns! it is his summons!" exclaimed the soldier who had pursued the inn-keeper, as the notes of a trumpet echoed through the forest recesses; and immediately afterwards a troop of courtiers galloping at speed, appeared advancing from the glades. At the same time a dozen trumpet blasts answered the first, the clang of arms resounded from all parts of the forest and thronged highway, and a movement of soldiers from every point, showed that the leaders of the Duke's vanguard were marshaling their forces in columns as the prince approached.

Charles of Burgundy, at the head of a brilliant cavalcade of nobles and knights, now neared at a rapid pace the groups of soldiers surrounding the publican, who, with hands bound so tightly behind him that the least movement on his part caused exquisite pain, lay prone upon the dust of the highway.

"Hah! by St. George!" cried the Burgundian, uttering his usual oath, when excited; "is it true we have the villain safe? the dog! where is he?"

"Is it the will of your highness that I finish the knave with this bow-string?" asked the man-at-arms who stooped over Pierre Bart, "or is he to be reserved for torture?"

"Peace!" said Charles, reining his steed close to the prostrate publican, who made an effort to get upon his knees, but fell backward, tortured by the sharp cord that confined him. "Peace and lift the traitor to his feet, that I may see the face which this day I deemed wrongly was an honest one!"

Pierre Bart, in obedience to this mandate, was supported to his feet by the man-at-arms, and ventured to raise his eyes to the wrathful countenance of Duke Charles.

"Well, dog and traitor, what hast thou to say in defence of thy monstrous villainy?" demanded the Burgundian, after waiting a moment for the publican to speak.



"That I am neither dog nor traitor!" answered Pierre Bart, in a faltering voice.

"By St. Dominick! thou shalt! I will have thee played alive and roasted! It is too merciful a punishment, indeed! What, villain! dost not confess thy crime?"

"I know not, the holy saints be my witness! what crime it is your highness would charge me with," answered Pierre Bart, who had now, in a measure, recovered his courage. "But of treachery—or the intent of treachery—I call God to judge if I be innocent or guilty!"

"Did not thy hand fire yonder house? Nay, villain! attempt not to deny or evade! Did not thyself, or thy servants, or traitorous accomplices, put this, thine own dwelling, to the flames?"

"Holy Mother! of what am I accused?" cried Pierre Bart, aghast with horror: "of firing mine own home?"

"Ay, villain! that by the blaze of its roof thou couldst bring the rebels of Liege to attack mine army—ay, and burn thy place like a rat in the walls! Hah! by St. George!"

"Oh, Mother of Heaven! Oh, holy St. Angela!" cried the poor publican. "My lord Duke, this frightful thing is not true! I am innocent! As God is our Judge, I am innocent!"

And Pierre Bart, in anguish and terror, attempted to kneel, but fell forward at the feet of the Duke's horse, which snorted, and reared backward, almost unseating his rider.

"Away with him! let the lying slave be guarded well! When Liege falls, the torture shall make him confess, and reveal the names of the traitors who set him on! Now, forward, my good lords! The morn will soon be breaking!"

Saying this, Charles spurred his horse over the prostrate inn-keeper, who, with difficulty, was plucked away from the rush of steeds which followed. In a brief space, the wretched Pierre found himself dragged to a rough baggage car, on which he was securely fastened, lying upon his back, stiff, and suffering severe pain, with his eyes staring upward to the sky, that had now faded to a murky dun, denoting the fire to be dying away, and that the "Blue Boy" tavern was at last but a mass of smouldering ruins.

Very soon the dun changed to brown, and then darkened into shadow. Clouds, heavy and black, seemed to hang over the smoke-wreaths that rested on the wood-tops. Then darkness settled around the spot where Pierre Bart lay pained, the chill air blew upon his face, and his limbs grew numb with cold and pain.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE BATTLE OF ST. TRON.

Meanwhile Duke Charles of Burgundy rode forward, past the ruined tavern, followed by his knights and nobles, till he reached a plain beyond the forest-borders, where were pitched many hundreds of tents. It was the fortified camp, which had been hastily constructed within the last twenty-four hours. A line of baggage wains and camp lumber formed a sort of rampart, defending the outer range of tents, and outside of this line, long, iron-pointed stakes were driven into the ground obliquely, forming a *chevauché de pique*, on which a charge of horse would, if unaware of their position, be directly impaled, while behind the wagon lines a force of archers might, with impunity, discharge their slings and cross-bows. Along this line, as Charles rode up, several squads of soldiers were moving, with dejected torches, from point to point, at times lighting the burgles, and bearing them towards the tents. At about five hundred yards distance, the river could be discerned, flowing sullenly between low banks, while beyond this again stretched a waste of bog-land, on which tall, coarse grass was sogging in the night-breeze. The Duke of Burgundy checked his horse near one of the groups of soldiers, and abruptly addressing a knight, who followed closely, said:

"By St. George! look there, my lord of Coutay! Behold what cost of blood this traitor's deed hath caused!"

As the Duke spoke, the soldiers near him lifted some object from the ground, and placed it on a table. It was the body of a man. The Duke of Coutay's eyes followed those of Charles along the barrier, and saw that, at frequent intervals, there were two or more dead or wounded men lying upon the field.

"Ay, your highness! here the brave sentinels stood, who first discovered, and with their comrades, bravely bled the attack. There was bloody work done here, and gallant souls have died."

"By our Lady of Bruges! these burghers of Liege,—if men of Liege they were who made this night assault—have something of soldier's mettle in their tradesmen's veins. But—"

"They are rebels and traitors to their lawful prince," cried the Sieur de Coutay, warmly taking up the discourse where Charles had passed. "And if we do not soundly drub their cannon-balls, they are the can shall rise and set again. I know De Coutay will think it foul shame to wear knightly harness more."

"And thou shalt have the field. The rebel spirit must be crushed at once, or there will be a juncture between these men of Liege and Dammarin, who hath fresh troops, well armed, and eager to serve their false-hearted lord, Louis."

"Ay, your grace! for in the hurry of this assault and repulse—while yet your hostelry was blazing, there came a messenger, with news that the men-at-arms of both Hay and Magdeburg were on the march to strengthen the rebels of St. Tron and Liege."

"I know, my lord De Coutay. So, we must cut them off, as well as disperse these Liegeois, or my good Count of Dammarin, General Chabannes, makes head with his army from Champagne. I doubt, sir, we shall have a bloody field this day."

Saying these words, Charles rode on, with the Sieur de Coutay, while the nobles, at a quick signal from the latter, dispersed themselves among the tents, to watch an hour or two of repose, ere the day-break should summon them to new conflict—perhaps to death. The Duke himself, however, thought not of sleep, for his mind was busied with projects that the day was to behold in operation.

And well might Charles be troubled in recalling events that had transpired during the night. Scarce two hours after curfew, while yielding, after his anxious day, to a short slumber, in the "best room" of Pierre Bart's hostelry, the Duke had been suddenly awakened by smoke and fire around him, and, hastily starting up, discovered that the rushes of his floor, and the very couch on which he had lain, were enveloped in flames.

It was but the work of a moment for him to beat down the door and escape, rousing the half-slumbering guards, who were posted without, and who knew naught of the danger. The attendants and soldiers, summoned from all sides, crowded to the gate, but the flames, evidently originating in the very apartment of their prince, had, by the time of their arrival, spread to other portions of the inn, and in a few moments the entire structure was in a blaze. Charles, recovering his coolness, first gave quick orders for the soldiers to attempt the mastery of the fire; but, at this crisis, the alarm went from mouth to mouth, that the army's rear-guard was attacked by all the enemy's force.

"Hah! by St. George! it is a plot! There is treachery here!" exclaimed the Duke, in sudden anger. "What, bring me that knave, Pierre Bart!—the landlord of this hostelry. By our Lady! I doubt me, but it was he who would have burned your Prince in his bed."

But the knave Pierre Bart was no where to be found. He had not returned from his errand to the mill, to perform which he had possessed himself of the safeguard, or counterweight, given by the Duke. At this intelligence, a certainty of the publican's guilt seemed to impress itself at once, not only upon the Prince's mind, but on those of his followers who were near, and on the rumor spread at once among the armed soldiery that an attempt to burn their master in his bed, at the same time that an assault was made upon the camp, had been instigated by the rebels, and the tavern-keeper made their wicked instrument.

The command was at once given to make Pierre Bart a prisoner, dead or alive; and then Charles of Burgundy, mounting his horse, headed his chieftains in a charge which, ere the entire camp was aware of the enemies' assault, repulsed, after severe fighting, the midnight sortie of the Liegeois from St. Tron. It was the result of the attack and repulse that was revealed to the Burgundian eyes, when he bade the Sieur de Coutay mark the slain defenders of his camp.

With the first rays of dawning light, Duke Charles was in the saddle, marshalling his forces, which, under the banners of their respective leaders, deployed upon the quiet plain of St. Tron. The attack of the night previous, though repulsed, had communicated to the army a kind of surly respect for their opponents, and there was no longer heard the vaunting threats which the soldiers of France Compté and Picard were wont to indulge in respecting the doughty tradesmen of Flanders. Indeed, some of these—some Burgundian and Picard warriors—retained no gentle remembrance of the tough blows dealt by the assaults of the night; yet, though they scoffed not, these rough men-at-arms were resolute on far more dangerous methods of warfare: for they remembered their comrades slain on the barrier, and swore that day to avenge them.

The town of St. Tron, in the Hasbain, was at this time not only defended by its barriers, but hemmed on the land side by almost impassable swamps, which formed its environs. The Duke of Burgundy posted his troops upon the solid plain beyond, and on the borders of the highway and forest; columns of infantry being conveyed in the wide aisles that penetrated the latter. Then arranging his van in that admirable position for receiving assaults, the wedge-shaped, massive body, which the French had lately copied from the English, he stationed the archers behind their long pikes, fixed firmly in the ground, and presenting their bristling points upon each angle of the wedge. In this manner he awaited the approach of the burghers of Liege, who, strong in numbers and determination, with their neighboring allies, full thirty thousand men, were now advancing from the barriers of St. Tron.

The sun was just breaking through the moving mists that hung above the swampy fields, when the van of the insurgents met in rapid skirmishes with the advanced posts of the Burgundian army. Shortly afterwards, the main body attacked the Duke's camp, and the conflict soon became general. Spite of their entrenched position, and the superiority of their armor, the soldiers of Charles recoiled from the first assault of the rebel forces. Advancing in solid columns and bearing pikes which in length exceeded even those of the Italian mercenaries whom Charles relied on to repel them, the Liegeois tradesmen soon broke the outer line and disordered the ranks of their opponents. Then, shouting their city war-cry, the burgher-soldiers, still in solid column, moved upon the flanks of the enemy, in order to possess themselves at once of the Burgundian artillery.

Charles le Teméraire saw from an eminence, where, surrounded by his knights, he sat in his saddle, that his lines of Italian pikemen were mingled with the columns of Liegeois, and that his archers behind, engaged hand to hand in the contest, were unable to draw their bows. Another instant, and the panic, he saw, would communicate itself to his main body. Already the flanks, where were stationed his men-at-arms from Holland, wavered before the steady pressure of the burgher columns, and might presently give way. Then Charles raised his sword above his helmet, and calling quickly to his Franche Compté knights to follow, rode again into the struggling mass of mingled combatants. It was full time: for the leader of the rebels, a stalwart citizen, who bore himself with knightly presence, had already forced his way beyond the Holland men-at-arms, and was opening a passage to the artillery itself.

But the sight of Charles and his household knights, riding like an avalanche from the hill which they had occupied, and followed by a thousand men-at-arms, with trumpets sounding and banners displayed, had the effect of at once checking the forward movement of the Liegeois. Accustomed to regard the iron-clad nobles as well nigh invincible, and startled suddenly by the Duke's banner about, the men of Liege recoiled an instant, and in that space lost the battle.

"St. Andrew for Burgundy!" cried the trumpet-voices of the Duke, as he swept downward; and the war-cry was caught up by all his followers. At the same time, the columns which had been wholly concealed in the forest aisles, began to debouch, dispersed for a period, formed in line, and discharged their clouds of arrows on the insurgents, and the culverins that had been so nearly captured, belched out numberless missiles into the close ranks before them. The Liegeois, amazed at the counter-movement of their foes, lost for the first time their compact order, and began to look about them as if meditating retreat; but the voice of their leader rallied them.

"On, men of Liege!" cried the brave burgher, waving a huge mace which he carried; "on, and let nobles know that citizens dare to meet them!"

Saying this, he struck his rapiers in his horse's flanks, and opening a new gap among the Hollanders by a sweep of his heavy mace, plunged forward to meet the Duke himself. The Liegeois, with a loud shout, crowded into the lane he had made. Charles of Burgundy beheld the insurgent leader riding down upon him, with his great mace uplifted, and spurring his steed, advanced to meet him. The Sieur de Coutay, at the same instant, caught up the battle-axe which hung at his saddle, and urged his horse to the Duke's side.

"Stain not your royal hands with the tradesman's blood!" cried De Coutay, "let me strike him from the saddle with my curtle-axe."

"Hah! he bears himself like a knight, my lord of Coutay! Look! how his club breaks down a rank of men! By'r lady! and he likes, I will engage him!"

And Charles of Burgundy, yielding to an impulse of chivalry, caught his steed to bound forward, and caught a blow of the citizen-leader's mace upon his sword, which shattered to pieces with the concussion.

The Sieur de Coutay swung his giant axe, and cast himself before Charles, now threatened by the insurgent, but he did so, the whizz of a bow-string struck his ear, and in another instant the brave burgher-chief sank back from his saddle, struck in the breast by an arbalest bolt, discharged by an archer behind the Duke.

"Men of Liege! avenge me!" were the last words of the citizen, as he fell from his steed, still clutching the mace. But the men of Liege, affrighted at the spectacle, had no further heart to contend against the Duke's troops. They gave way at once before the charge which followed the death of their leader, and presently were in utter confusion. The remainder of the battle was but a rout: for the fugitive Liegeois, scattering in all directions, took refuge in the swamps around St. Tron, and there secreted themselves, till, under cover of night, they could betake themselves to the town, from which in the morning they had marched forth, confident of victory. Charles of Burgundy remained on the field of battle, disposing his forces, and arranging for a march upon Liege, which took place the following morning: the Duke pitching his tent on the banks of the Meuse, while the camp was spread upon the steep hills that commanded the rebellious city. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bank—which departments are kept separate—on Nov. 4th, as follows:

Notes issued, £22,122,000

Government Debt, £11,015,100

Other Securities, 3,420,000

Gold and Bullion, 7,687,000

Total, £22,122,000

Proprietors' Capital, £11,553,000

Reserve, 2,300,000

Public Deposits, 4,271,944

Other Deposits, 11,916,670

Seven Day and Other Bills, 513,197

Total, £23,554,300

Government Securities, £10,120,104

Other Securities, 2,628,251

Notes issued, 2,155,215

Gold and Silver, 550,720

Total, £23,554,300

It will be noticed from the above, that the amount of gold and silver was only about one-third the circulation of the Bank. The combined circulation and deposits amounted to nearly £40,000,000—while the gold and silver only amounted to about £2,500,000; being almost five pounds of immediate liabilities to one pound of specie or bullion.

Now, it is very clear that, this being the state of affairs, the Bank of England might have been forced, in the course of a few days, into a suspension of specie payments. For, after it had redeemed £2,500,000 of its deposits and circulation, it would have had £31,500,000 still to redeem, and nothing in hand to do it with, save government stocks and the bills receivable of its customers; which it would not be able to turn into specie with sufficient rapidity to meet the demands upon it, even putting aside the great sacrifices it would be compelled to make in so doing, and the terrible blow it would thereby give to the interests of the Government itself, and of the whole community.

In this crisis, therefore, the Government steps in, as it did in a similar crisis ten years ago, and recommends the issue of notes to any necessary extent, in discount of bills receivable, at the stringent rate of ten per cent. per annum. By so doing, a suspension of specie payments is rendered impossible. For the notes of the Bank of England are a legal tender. So long as the Bank has notes on hand, no depositor can draw the specie from it, except at the good pleasure of the Bank itself. Neither do the great masses of the people want the specie, for they can pay their debts to the government and each other just as well with the notes of the Bank. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the moment the government, in obedience to the popular demand, advised the Bank to disregard the restrictions of its charter, the stringency in the money market should begin to subside.

At the approaching meeting of Parliament, it is stated that the restrictive clauses in the charter of the Bank, originated by Sir Robert Peel, will be fiercely assailed. It is somewhat curious, though very easily understood upon a little reflection, that while the financial crisis in this country has created a strong popular sentiment in opposition to paper money, in England a similar crisis seems to have produced a diametrically opposite effect. Here, the cry is to restrict the banks, and increase the proportion of specie in circulation—there, the cry is, remove the restrictions which now hamper the banks, and give us one pound note a gain.

We say the reason of these conflicting cries is easily perceivable. Both countries must lay the blame of the "hard-times" somewhere—and both naturally blame their existing banking system. In England they think the drain of coin would not have injured them, had they not depended so much upon coin—and they therefore cry—"Give us a currency that foreign nations will not be trying to drain from us continually; give us one-pound (five dollar) notes of the Bank of England."

In the United States, we cry—"Shut up those rag-mills, they are the cause of all our woes; and give us the English system, with no notes under twenty-five dollars." This is an amusing and inconsistent world truly, to those who can see beyond the tips of their noses.

For proof of what we say as to the feeling in England, read the following from a late number of the *London Times*:

"We may certainly prepare ourselves for a violent attack on the English monetary system as established by the Bank Act of 1844. All the theories of all the schools of currency will be ready to pounce on what seems the carcass of a dead law. And, indeed, they will have much that is plausible and not a little that is true on their side. The law is a fair weather law—law for times of steady trading and easy credit; its provisions are like the pastboard defences of the Chinese—strong to look at, painted with heavy masses of stone and guns of enormous power, but in reality a weakness and a sham. The law is the law, and it is drawing to a close. We have the act which has been so often debated, so skillfully defended, so unhesitatingly supported by commercial men of all parties, which committees have declared perfect and the House of Commons sanctioned again and again, now for the second time set aside by the Government at the earnest supplication of the business community."

The *Times* then proceeds to defend the present restrictions in the charter, and says that "it has not the slightest doubt of their retention." In this, we think it shows sound judgment. We think our English friends would do best to keep the charter of their Bank as it is—but entrust to their government the power of authorizing the suspension of the restricting clauses in great emergencies; being responsible, of course, to Parliament, for the use they make of that power. Thus Credit would be restricted in "good times," and when hard-times really came, notwithstanding the restrictions, the Bank, supported by the Government, would have power by an extra issue of paper to refill the depleted veins of Commerce and Industry. With nations as with individuals, there should always be a latent power residing somewhere, to meet and overcome any unusual difficulty or disaster.

The study of the various theories of banking, is greatly facilitated by facts now transpiring around us, at home and abroad. Every one should be careful to bring to that study, however, as far as possible, an unprejudiced mind. Let all remember that the truth does not generally lie on the surface of things; but, as the old proverb has it, "in a well." Thus, it was very natural for men to suppose, in old times, that the earth was stationary, and that the sun revolved daily around it. Adam and his sons, doubtless thought this was as clear and self-evident as noonday—and that none but a fool would deny it. And yet the real truth is very different from the apparent one. So it is as to many other things. We are taught in a thousand ways, not

to content ourselves with a belief until we have pierced beyond the outside veil, into its very heart and marrow. Truth is the reward of diligent and careful seeking. And just in proportion as men base their opinions and institutions on the really True, and not merely on the Apparent and Plausible, will they find them built upon everlasting rock.

A good deal of interest has lately been excited in this city, in relation to the very important subject of the cost of living. The *Public Ledger*, a daily paper which has a very extensive circulation among all classes of our citizens, and may be considered the paper of the poorer classes, has contained a number of articles bearing upon the question, which prove the very great difference that exists in the mode of living of different people. A writer over the signature of "Economy," having stated the cost of his living at a very small sum, was immediately assailed by others, who doubted the possibility of living comfortably upon the amount mentioned. The result of the discussion thus far may be summed up in the following examples of the cost of living:—

Here is the living of one who signs himself a "Boss Mechanic," his family consisting of himself, wife, children, and a dog:—

Now for our Saturday's marketing, and I am sure that every one will agree with me—it is a very modest outlay:—

For breakfast for Saturday morning's breakfast, 27

Turkey, small size, Sunday's dinner, 1.12

Calif. head for pepper-pot soup, 37

Knockout of Veal, 36

Veal Cutlets, 26

Wilted Chicken, 31

Hickory Nuts, 16

(This I know I have, I might be dispensed with)

Butter Potatoes, 67

3 lbs. Butter at 31, 95

2 lbs. Sausages, 25

Total, 86.94

This is as low, my wife says, as she can market, and she threatens to sue for a divorce if I am not to do it for less. *Just such another stock has to be laid in on Wednesday morning.*

Then add for bread, of which we consume, I suppose, three or four small loaves per day, and for groceries, tea, coffee, sugar, black pepper, salt, &c., not to speak of such necessities as milk, molasses, &c., and I would ask where is the servant's wages to come out of Economy's \$65.50. But, as I said before, I cannot believe it, unless he shows up.

"Boss Mechanic," it must be confessed, does not stint himself; but whether he is right or wrong in living thus freely, depends greatly upon his ability to do so. Certainly, however, he cannot hold up his household management to the world as an example of economy. Now for "Economy's" table, the particulars of which were not furnished at the time "Boss Mechanic" made his statement. "Economy's" family is the same size as "Boss Mechanic's."

Every one acquainted with housekeeping must know that the outlay for the first week must be the greatest, and to give the exact expenses for any one week would be impossibility, as many of the provisions will run into the following week. Before giving the expenses, I would say that my family are not very hearty eaters, probably caused by sedentary habits, or an over indulgence in cakes and pastry, and I shall also mention that I give my wife enough money to last several weeks, so that she may buy by the quantity and to the best advantage:—

EXPENSES.

1 lb. Vinegar, cost two years ago, \$1.50, will last three years, 80.00

1 lb. Flour, \$7, will last four months, or 0.41

1 bush. Potatoes, at 56c., will last 7 months, 0.11

2 lbs. Buckwheat Flour, cost 75c., will last 3 weeks, 0.25

1 lb. Black Tea, cost 60c., will last 8 weeks, 0.25

3 peck Sweet Potatoes, 0.25

2 lbs. Sausages, (one dinner) with buckwheat cakes and coffee, 0.25

10 lbs. Beef, standing rib, at 10c., (3 dinners, 4 suppers and 3 breakfasts), 1.03

1 lb. Coffee, (24 dinners), 0.62

1 Rabbit, (1 dinner), 0.15

3 peck Apples, for sauce, (1 dinner), 0.10

1 quart Mashed Hominy, for 4 dinners, 0.10

3 peck Apples, for sauce, (1 dinner), 0.10

1 quart Cranberries, (3 dinners), 0.07

Pepper and Salt, 2c. 3 lbs. Lard, at 12c., 36

Butter, (today's price) at 22c., 7 lbs. Sugar, at 10c., 70

Sugar, at 10c., 7 lbs. Sugar, at 10c., 70

Soda and Cream Tartar, for cakes, 9c., 10

quarts Plums and Sugar, for preserves and 10

Black Tea, cost to make 12 lbs. Mince-meat, 9c., 1 peck tripe (own raising), 10

1 peck Apples, for sauce, (1 dinner), 0.10

1 lb. Sugar, (today's price) at 22c., 22

1 bottle Worcester Sauce, 62c., making 87.74, which will last, to use more or less a week, 12 months, or for a week, 0.15

There is now allowed enough flour, sugar, &c., to make dessert for each dinner, and enough of other articles for breakfast and supper, the whole amounting to \$5.92

The above exceeds my actual table expenses 67 cents; but, as said above, it is impossible to get at the actual outlay for any one week. I am myself surprised at some of the articles, particularly the flour; but my flour dealer tells me that a barrel lasts us about four months; and in purchasing we do not confine ourselves to the above bill, for if we find beef, deer, poultry may be cheap, or if both are high, we may find veal, spare-rib, mutton, or fish, low, and the same with vegetables. Should there be any danger in beef keeping, there is no trouble in earning it.

If "Economy" has the same income as "Boss Mechanic," his chances of becoming independent in his circumstances are evidently much greater. But here is another statement, which bears on its face the evidence of reliability:—

I am a hard-working man, with a wife and young child, and earn \$1 a week the year round, having, thank God, a steady job. We eat three meals a day, Sunday excepted, when we have only two, through the winter season, as the days are so short, it keeps a woman constantly cooking and washing dishes, and she has as much right to have a little rest on Sunday as her husband.

The following schedule exhibits what I buy each and every week, for I live by rule, as every poor man should:—

10 lbs. Flour, 20

2 lbs. Indian Meal, 10

1 lb. Butter, 20

1 lb. Sugar, 10

1 lb. Sausages, 12

1 lb. Soap, 5

1 lb. Candles, 5

1 lb. Lard, 5

1 peck White Potatoes, 10

1 peck Sweet Potatoes, 10

2 Butcher's Puddings, 5

1 Large Shoulder of Mutton, which makes 30

15 lbs of Liver, 20

11 Mackerel, 10

6 lbs of Milk a day, 10

1 pint Molasses, 12

8 Rent of my room per week, 75

Average cost of Coal, 46

per week, is about, 46

Total, 83.56

Which, Mr. Editor, I think is as cheap as any white man can live in this city. We always have plenty and live comfortably; but here allow me to say a word in explanation—we are moderate eaters, and have no company to visit us and help us eat our mite, but stay at home and mind our own affairs. It don't suit a poor man to open the manners of the wealthy.

COMFORT.

This writer signs himself "Comfort," evidently implying that he is well satisfied with his lot—wife, child and six dollars steady wages. We wish "Comfort" a speedy advancement in his fortunes—believing that as he is careful of the little, he will be a good ruler over more. Here is another statement of a similar character:

I here add my mite to show what can be purchased with \$5—a sum even in the high price times I seldom expend for a family of five persons, for a week's living, my husband and self and three children, with full-grown appetites, and yet we have plenty and to spare.

Bank—which departments are kept separate—on Nov. 4th, as follows:

Notes issued, £22,122,0



## New Publications.

**THE HISTORY OF PETER THE GREAT: A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE; GEORGE READY, OR HOW TO LIVE FOR OTHERS; AND CHILDREN'S HOLIDAYS, A STORY BOOK FOR THE WHOLE YEAR (D. Appleton & Co., New York, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.)** are nicely written children's books, suitable for Christmas or New Year presents.

**ESSAYS FROM THE LONDON TIMES (D. Appleton & Co., New York, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.)** is a volume of powerful articles selected from the columns of that celebrated journal. Among them is the story of Lord Nelson's Lady Hamilton, an article remarkable for a pathos entirely effected by a terse and simple narration of facts. The articles on Southey and Dean Swift are also masterpieces of clear and strong statement, and judicious grouping of particulars.

**THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND AND THEIR TIMES, FROM MATILDA, QUEEN OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, TO ADELAIDE, QUEEN OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH, BY FRANCIS LANCELOT, Esq., (D. Appleton & Co., New York, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.)** is the story of the royal ladies under notice, interwoven with various contemporary anecdotes and details connected with the British court and people at various epochs. Numerous portraits of apparent nobility, embellish its pages. The author appears to be a fair man, unbiased by partisan prejudices, and careful only to set a plain tale plainly down.

**BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE** for November, and the Edinburgh Review for October may be had of Mr. W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia. The latter is a note, withdraws the allegation formerly preferred in a blundering article, against Mr. Dickens, relative to the origin of the catastrophe of the falling house in "Little Dorrit." The *amendments* are rather tardily made, too, it would seem, rather grudgingly, and only after the reviewer's unwillingness to stone for his error, had been stingingly commented on by several of the English journals. Better late than never, though.

**RECORDS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, BY W. T. R. SAFFELL (Putney & Russell, New York, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.)** is mainly intended as a book of reference for persons claiming land or pensions for services rendered by their ancestors in the Revolution. It contains the military and financial correspondence of various officers, the names of officers and privates, a list of distinguished prisoners, the half-pay list, the pension laws, and other matter of interest and value.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY**, for December, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.) contains articles by Prescott, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Ruffini, Miss Terry, and other well-known writers.

**A SYSTEM OF PRACTICAL PENMANSHIP, BY WILLIAM B. OWEN.** (Appleton, New York; Lippincott, Philadelphia.) is a text book adapted to the use of pupils.

**SPURGEON'S FAST-DAY SERMON**, (Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.) is the famous sermon preached to an audience of twenty-four thousand, in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England, in aid of the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the revolt in India.

**STORIES FROM BLACKWOOD**, (D. Appleton & Co., New York; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.) is the title of a volume of tales from Blackwood's Magazine, three or four of which are very powerfully conceived and executed.

## A DOLLAR AND A QUARTER A WEEK.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

**Mr. Editor:**—It is gratifying to our feelings as housekeepers, painfully aware of the prices of beef and mutton, cocks and nurses, to hear that in the matter of wages the time for a reduction has arrived.

One symptom of the temporary insanity, prevalent among a certain well-known class of rich people of late, has exhibited itself in a tendency to raise the wages of servants, much to the discomfort of the greater portion of the community. Many of these rich people, after making a great dash upon other people's money, have at last found their level. The evils they have introduced into society must gradually find their level, too. The evil we mention has been a great one. By attaching a fictitious value to the article they have injured its character. Instead of steady, orderly servants knowing their place and willing to work, housekeepers in moderate circumstances have of late had their tempers tried by a set of idle, worthless ones, clamorous for high wages, even when most incompetent. Biddy, who has just landed, and cannot tell one street from another, and a dusting brush from a soup-tureen, expects at least a dollar and a half a week, because her sister receives that or possibly more at Mrs. Somebody's. In consequence of this, gold earrings are a necessary life to Biddy after a few weeks' sojourn at a place. We do not exactly see that a silk-dress and a parasol are indispensable for her, nor a net veil and cream-colored gaiter boots; but we provide her with them, though probably before her expatriation, she worked in the fields or the bogs, bareheaded and barefooted in all weathers.

Does not all this show that we pay these people, and have for some time been paying them, at much too high a rate? Hundreds of them are now out of place. The keeper of one intelligence office had last week fifty applications in one morning for places, and not one place to send them to. It is said that some have offered their services for fifty cents a week, others for a home during the winter. However this last may be, one thing is certain, that the wheel is turning round, that employers may regain their ascendancy; and that there is every prospect of our being once again served at what is certainly very sufficient remuneration for domestics, considering the high rates of living, the prices of gas, coal, &c., namely, "a dollar and a quarter a week."

RETIREMENT.

A piano has been brought forward, at Dresden, which will supersede the assistance of sixty vocalists and instruments. It is most useful.

The business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour, more than a day's fasting would do.—*Holmes.*

## THE STEAM BAKERY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

**Messrs. Editors:**—When we go to have the long talked of steam bakery?

What sort of bread will it make? will there be alum in it? will there be dyspepsia in it? Will it be generally sour when stale?

Will it be of that singular red color outside? Will there be little rolls invisible to the naked eye?

Will the bread assume any new forms, or must we still be content, or rather not content, with the inevitable box loaves, the insipid twists, with crust like paper? Will it be taken about the streets, in painted carts, upsetting and running over children, and terrifying grown people by the frightful speed with which they rush round corners, especially on Saturday afternoon? Will the persons employed in the sale and distribution thereof be subject to fits of indignant silliness? or that if you take their bread on Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday on trial, and omit doing so on Thursday, because you have some other bread on trial, it will be totally impossible for you to obtain a loaf of it on Friday or Saturday on any terms?

If not, if there are to be changes for the better in all these things, the sooner we have redress and the steam bakery the better, and may we not have long to wait for it.

HOT-SEKLEP.

## A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

**Mr. Editor:** In the Post of November 14, I notice an article under the caption "Women for the West." You have, I believe, more than once, of late, referred to this subject. And I have been hoping some of your Western contributors would cast a few rays of light amid the darkness that appears to enshroud this matter toward sunrise, and counteract such influence as the *Cincinnati Times* and kindred sheets are exerting. Whatever may be the true state of the case in our large cities, I speak what I know, when I say that the article in the *Times* egregiously errs, if it refers to the rural districts. City Editors, (except yourselves) and city people are too apt to conclude that their city lines constitute the world's boundaries. It is a mistake: there's quite a scope of country, and quite a *schon* of people (as my Irish aunt says) outside,—people who require "help" both in and out-door.

Identified as I am with the West, I know both from experience and observation the truth of your remark, that "there is a pressing demand for female labor," and that in our villages, and on our farms, hundreds of girls could find yearly employment at wages from 75 cts. to \$1.50 per week and boarding. Nor will we be very choosy as to the size of their hoops, or the cost of their clothing, provided always they obtain them honestly. None of our "dear Kates" (see *Millinery for the Million*) will mar the enjoyment of our quiet tea-drinkings by their complaints against "Caroline" and her hoops, nor be grieved to deprecation by the prospect of being "outshined," or looked upon as a "provincial dowdy."

I suppose you have different classes of "help" to be provided for: one class that would "prefer the risk of starvation to a country home,"—"the case of a city home where everything is so convenient," "society, silk, cotton, &c., &c., to a little hard work." The other class is not afraid of a little hard work. The former we don't want at all. Our wives will prefer heading over the wash-tub and dangle-tray by the year; but to the latter we will extend a cordial welcome. Nor is there much "hard work" to be done. Especially is this true of our villages and towns; and attention to the dairy is the only additional labor about our farm-houses. Surely if the mother of a family of small children can cook, bake, wash, sew, and take care of her children, a stout, hearty girl need not complain at sharing the labor. If I could be assured of a good girl, and her continuance with me, I would pay her expenses from New York, give her \$50 or more per annum, and a liberal education.

ELIZABETH, IND. INDIANA.

**WHAT BECOMES OF OLD BOOTS.**—The *New York Shoe and Leather Reporter* contains the following solution of the great mystery—where the old boots go to:

"Since the rise of leather there has been a greatly increased demand through the country for old boot-leads; and mysterious politers of an antiquarian cast of countenance, have cleared out all the garrets of New Jersey, to the extreme wonder and delight of the unsophisticated natives. For the last six months, the imitations of old leather by the Jersey City ferry-boat have been positively immense, and we recommend to the early attention of the collector these untaxed arrivals of durable merchandise from a foreign port. Now boots which are considered old in Jersey would be regarded as miracles of age in any other country, and the specimens of legs which these travelling antiquarians bring to the Bowery for sale are so impregnated with red clay, and so utterly destitute of backbone, that the severest Spartan could not hesitate to acknowledge that they had 'outlived their usefulness.' Nevertheless, these legs are taken in quantities from retail shops by the shoemakers of Mulberry street and vicinity, and after being submitted to certain revivifying currying processes, are manufactured and returned in the shape of 'Oakford ties.' We examined a few of these shoes in the hands of the operator, and found them a neat and serviceable looking article."

**GREENWOOD CEMETERY.**—A correspondent of the *Portsmouth Journal*, writing about Greenwood Cemetery, says that what was originally rather a poetical idea, has been so extensively copied in that resting-place of the dead that it has become a decided nuisance. Some one throws a rattle or some other plaything upon a child's grave, and the action being a fanciful one the story got into the newspapers. Since then all sorts of absurd playthings are scattered upon the graves, and on some of them are two-story glass baby-houses, filled with a general assortment of the most ludicrous articles to be found at a toy shop! The kneeling and winged figures among the graves are objectionable. Being merely plaster casts, they become weather-stained and crumble to fragments by piece-meal, losing their legs, arms, wings, &c., one after another, until they become hideous to the sight. Some of the angels, with their eyes knocked out, look as if they had been engaged in personal encounters with each other.

Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about.

## LETTER FROM PARIS.

A BATCH OF NEW INVENTIONS—A SOCIETY THAT MAY BE USEFUL—KITCHEN PHYSIC.

Paris, November 13, 1857.

**Mr. Editor of the Post:**

Winter seems to have come upon us at last, in earnest. Since yesterday a stiff northern blast is blowing, and though the sun is shining brightly, the temperature is so low that rain, if the gods should try to give us any, would infallibly reach us in the shape of snow.

The telegraph has just informed us of the death of the Duchess de Nemours, the hand-somest of Louis Philippe's many daughters-in-law; an event which will doubtless cause much sorrow to the numerous band of brothers and sisters to which she belonged, so remarkable for the affection and good understanding that always prevailed among its members. The Prince de Joinville had a very narrow escape about a week ago. He was ascending Mount Vesuvius, which has been in a state of chronic eruption for the last two months—when several shocks of earthquake were felt, and an enormous mass of molten substance was vomited forth by the crater, rising to a great height in the air, where it burst, falling in a shower of burning sparks that fell over a wide extent about the volcano. Three of the Prince's guides were killed at his side by these red hot drops of lava.

The Court is still at Compiegne; and not an atom of news is stirring. The frightful monetary catastrophe in the United States, and its consequences in Great Britain, have created a tremendous alarm in France; and the papers have been doled with disquisitions on the subject, proposals for aiding the commercial world by governmental measures, and rumors on the subject of the intentions of "the powers that be" in view of the present crisis. The Emperor has therefore come out with a letter to the Minister of Finance, in which he desires that functionary to inform the world that "there is not the slightest danger of financial trouble in France, the financial operations of the country being placed upon a basis so wide and so solid as to stand out in brilliant contrast with the monetary system of every other country in Europe; that the government has no sort of intention of interfering in any way with the ordinary course of affairs, and that all apprehension of a crisis here is unfounded and idle." What effect this manifesto may have on the public anxiety remains to be seen.

But if cash threatens to run short, the projects of ingenious inventors are as far-reaching as ever.

A member of the *Académie des Sciences*, who is also an eminent chemist, has invented an apparatus which he thinks will enable human beings to breathe as freely at the bottom of the sea as on the surface of the earth. He proposes to form an association for collecting all the treasures now lying at the bottom of the sea, and estimates at about eight hundred millions sterling the booty to be gleaned between England and India only. But this is not all; our Academician-chemist friend considers that we may now dispute their ancient domain with all the monsters of the deep, and proposes to destroy them; after which we are to cover the bed of the ocean with houses and pleasure-grounds that will offer a charming retreat from the heats of summer, and from the chills and fogs of northern winters. All the details of his plans are ready, and the conquest of the domain, which he designates as "The Third World," is only waiting for the trifling advance of some \$100,000, needed for the construction of the new "Respirators."

While the Ramsgates and Margates, the Boulognes, Dieppes and Etretats of Dry Land are thus threatened with a dangerous competition, on the part of the Lower Regions, hitherto tenanted only by fishes, eelworms and mermen, another inventor is equally sanguine of having overcome the difficulties that have hitherto stood in the way of the aerial locomotion. So sure is this inventor of having discovered the means of directing the balloon, that he proposes to establish not only a line of aerial omnibuses for the different quarters of Paris, but a grand system of air-carriages, starting from this city, and conveying thousands of intrepid travellers to the remotest corners of the earth, across the cerulean plains above our heads. As he has not yet been able to get up the subscription of \$20,000, necessary for the establishment of his airy way, he considers himself as the victim of the various railway companies, whose dividends would be seriously enlarged by the success of his undertaking.

Nor is this all. An ingenious mechanic has conceived the idea of imitating, on a larger scale, the labors of the Dutch engineers, who have been busy for the last four or five years pumping up the waters of Haarlem Lake. He proposes to drive out the waters of the North Sea in a similar manner, and thus to enrich his company and the world with a vast accession of *terra firma*, that may either serve to make a new kingdom, or be cut up into lots, and sold, retail, to private purchasers. His plans are all drawn up, his engineers ready; nothing is wanting to the happy commencement of the enterprise but the sum of £10,000,000, which he has not yet succeeded in raising, but which is unfortunately necessary to the carrying out of his plans.

Another project, but of a less ambitious description, is that of a Paris architect who wants to build, in the Champs Elysees, a vast theatre capable of holding one hundred thousand spectators; the performances on this new stage to consist of pantomime on a gigantic scale, accompanied by the music of steam-organs, mechanical trumpets, and discharges of cannon for the deepest notes of the orchestra.

While these victims of the neglect and jealousy of the world are wearing out their hearts in vain attempts to get themselves listened to, a society has just been founded here for looking after all the new projects, innovations, improvements, &c., to which the Academy is so apt to turn a cold shoulder, even in case of new ideas of a more reasonable description than those alluded to above, and destined to take their place among the grand metamorphosing agents which so enlarge successively the mental and physical horizons of human life. Of this "Association for General Progress," which is said to number over 40 physicians, and a great number of mathematicians, and learned men of all categories, I may have something more to say in a future letter. For to-day I need all the space accorded to me in your columns for an account of a novel treatment of a not uncommon malady, accomplished, a generation ago, by one who had never taken his degree as Doctor of Medicine, and by means not set down in any of the books on "Domestic Medicine," in which it might very appropriately find a place.

## KITCHEN PHYSIC.

Towards the end of the month of September, 1835, an elderly man, whose walk and manner retained much of the activity of earlier days, might have been seen, about seven o'clock in the morning, making his way across the Pont Neuf, in Paris, through the foggy atmosphere, and he taking himself, by the rue Dauphine, and the Quai des Grands-Augustins, in the direction of the well known edifice, with its three long parallel galleries, which serves as a market for the sale of game and poultry.

Though the morning was raw and chilly, he wore neither cloak nor overcoat; but appeared rather as though he might have just quitted some evening party. He was tall, his back slightly rounded by the weight of his sixty years; his costume was partly that of an *habitué* of the court, partly that of an officer in the army. His linen was remarkably fine and white, and displayed a profusion of costly lace; his cravat was of satin, and the rest of his dress of black kerseymere. It was evident that this early visitant of the poultry-market was no vulgar customer; his small black eyes were exceedingly bright; his lips, though somewhat sensual in expression, would have revealed to a disciple of Lavater a nature both generous and subtle; and his gait and manner were at once those of a man of rank, and of a man of the world. No sooner had he entered the poultry-market than a chorus of welcomes and questions saluted his appearance.

"Monsieur le Marquis!" cried one of the market-women.

"What does Monsieur le Marquis desire this morning?" demanded a second.

"If Monsieur le Marquis will give himself the trouble to come this way, I have something that I think will please him," cried a third.

It was evident that the stranger to whom these remarks were addressed could be no other than one of the gastronomic celebrities of the day: the Marquis de Cussy, formerly Chief Purveyor to the Emperor Napoleon, and one of the most illustrious gourmands of the nineteenth century. Witty, skeptical, as men of his temperament are apt to be, he was capable of doing a kindness when occasion presented.

He had refused all the overtures made to him by those of his friends who had come into place on the Restoration; but resumed his place at the Tuileries after the 20th of March. When the news of the defeat of Waterloo reached him, he exclaimed, in bitterness of soul.

"Alas! my saucepans are again overhauled!"

The following year, however, a friend obtained for the ex-Purveyor a sinecure of five thousand francs a year.

"It is quite enough," he remarked, "it will suffice to find me a crust of bread and a morsel of cheese!"

Only one sentence worth listening to has been uttered in modern days; it was accustomed to say, "and that was the remark made by Henri de Passy: 'I shall believe in Progress when I see a cook amusing the members of the Institute.'"

The Marquis de Cussy lunched at noon, and dined at six o'clock. His table was open all the year round, to all who demanded his hospitality, and his conversation was as brilliant as his cheer. The fame of his skill and judgment in all matters connected with the table had spread far and wide; and he was overwhelmed with commissions by the most renowned establishments of France and England. In Paris, he was constantly being called upon to pronounce on the relative quality of rival culinary preparations; and his word was law in all the markets of the capital, to which he was accustomed to repair very early in the morning, alone, and on foot, as we have seen.

He was particularly fond of attacking the principles laid down by his rival in gastronomic renown, Brillat-Savarin, in his treatise on the *Physiology of Taste*. Thus, Brillat-Savarin says there ought to be twelve persons at table: the Marquis de Cussy replies:

"That is not the right number; the Salernian school, so wise on such subjects, instructed the principle 'never be fewer than the Nine Graces, never be more than the Nine Muses.' For my part, I say—Be three, six, or nine at table! He advised his disciples to drink but a few drops of wine at a time, and was fond of repeating that 'the true gourmand would never eat when not hungry.'"

Brillat-Savarin says that two dozen of oysters is the proper allowance for each guest; and that they should be opened and placed upon the table beforehand.

"Professor!" would retort the Marquis, "oysters opened beforehand, and perhaps even detached from the shell! why this is the very depth of barbarism, and I can only excuse you by remembering that you come from an inland department."

Brillat-Savarin advises the introduction of mirrors into the dining-room.

The Marquis insisted upon it that they were out of place in a refectory, and could only serve to distract the eyes and thoughts of the diners, which ought, on the contrary, to be concentrated on the dinner-table.

Such was the personage whom we have seen entering the poultry-market on the morning in question, with the air of a man who had some very important purchase to make, amidst a salvo of salutations and offers from the presiding genius of the place.

Having bestowed a bow on one of them, a smile on another, a friendly word on a third, and addressed a propitiatory wave of the hand to them all, the gastronomer betook himself to the gallery more especially consecrated to the sale of game.

"What is Monsieur le Marquis in want of this morning?" inquired in coaxing tones one of the syrens of the adjacent table, "is it a partridge? or a pair of quails?"

"Not exactly. I want something better yet!"

"A woodcock, Monsieur le Marquis? or a string of snipes?"

"No, *mon enfant*; I want a golden pheasant; and a pheasant of the very best quality!"

Instantly, from stall to stall, these words were transmitted as though they had been a telegraphic despatch.

"*Eh, vous autres!* the best pheasant in the market for Monsieur de Cussy!"

Two minutes had scarcely elapsed before a superb bird, with glittering plumage, passed on from stall to stall from the farthest point of the market, and reached the pillar at whose base stood the former Purveyor.

"The very thing I wanted!" said the Marquis, after a rapid glance at the pheasant. Having wrapped his prize carefully in a newspaper, he took from his purse a piece of gold, paid for

the pheasant, saluted the divinites of the market with a bow expressive of the utmost good-humor, and disappeared.

"And now let me hasten to the spot where I am so anxiously looked for!" he murmured, as he quitted the market.

As he disappeared, the saleswomen could not keep from sundry little conjectures, as to the destination of the pheasant. "Who can it be for?" said one. "Is it for the English Ambassador?" said another. "Perhaps it is for the Baron de Rothschild!" suggested a third. "You look a long way off," interposed a fourth, "you forget that the Marquis, though not exactly a rich man, is still the most delicate eater in all Paris. The golden pheasant, take my word for it, is for no one but himself!"

All these conjectures were equally wide of the mark. Had the market-women been able to follow the retreating figure of their customer, they would have seen him regain the line of the Pont-Neuf, and make his way, still on foot, along the rue Montorgueil, to the other side of the Faubourg Poissonnière.

After walking for some time in this direction, he at length entered one of those narrow streets, empty and quiet, of the Faubourg Saint-Denis, which compose the quarter specially affected to those innumerable petty manufactures usually known as "Paris-articles," which constitute so important an item in the industry of the metropolis. Then, as now, this part of the town was densely peopled by the intelligent and industrious population which occupies a middle position between the mere workman and the artist; and these narrow streets made up a series of industrial hives, in which went on the labors of the carver, the lithographer, the gilder, the musical-instrument maker, and the manufacturer of every sort of ornamental object and fancy-work. Turning into the rue Martel, the Marquis entered a sordid-looking house, and demanded M. Simon Leblanc, the porcelain-painter.

"Fourth story, second door to the left," returned the *concierge*, without raising his eyes from the book at which he was working.

"I know the room!" said the Marquis, in an undertone, as he climbed the dark and dirty staircase, to the apartment of the porcelain-painter.

A week before, the Marquis had made his way up the dingy stairs for the first time; and since then he had climbed them regularly every day.

A certain prince, whose dominions, like those of so many others, border the Rhine, and who kept up a regular correspondence with the Marquis concerning all the details of his table, had lately begged him to take the field in his behalf, under a terrible domestic misfortune that had just overtaken him. The Rhenish highness possessed a very beautiful service of painted porcelain, two saucers of which had been broken by a laquay during a grand gala-dinner, at which the beautiful service in question had done duty to the admiration of all beholders. The service was thus completely spoiled, and could not be used again, unless the two missing pieces could be replaced. In his misadventure, the German Prince entreated the Marquis to spare neither time, nor efforts, nor money, to get the two saucers perfectly matched.

The very day on which he had received the letter, the gastronomer set to work to gratify his princely correspondent, and addressed himself to all the porcelain-painters most in renown. But they were all fully occupied. At Sévres the workmen were overwhelmed with orders for the Court; in all the private workshops the painters were so busy that they would pay no heed to the entreaties of the Marquis. He could hear but of one porcelain-painter, Simon Leblanc, the artisan, or rather, we might say, the artist of the rue Martel, through whom there was the slightest chance of obtaining the execution of the order.

"Very good. I will go to the rue Martel," said the rival of Brillat-Savarin.

But what came of this determination on the part of the illustrious gastronomer, must be reserved for my next letter. QUANTUM.

"Nations, like men, too often are given to roam, And seek abroad what they could find at home. They send their armies out on ventures far; Their halt is—honor, and their journey—war. Destruction's traders! who to start their trade, Steal, for the layout, metal from the spade. The interests—blood; the capital—life; The debt—vengeance; the instalment—strife; The payments—death; and wounds are the receipt; The markets—battles; and the whole—a cheat!"

To my question how he could have mastered so many attainments, the old man replied that with his three teachers—"everything might be learned, common sense alone excepted, the peculiar and rarest gift of Providence. These three teachers were Necessity, Habit, and Time. At starting in life Necessity told him if he hoped to live he must labor; Habit turned the labor into an indulgence; and Time gave every man an hour for everything, unless he chose to yawn it away!"—*Salutatio.*

As a soul in heaven may look back on earth, and smile at its past sorrows, so, even here, it may rise to a sphere where it may look down on the storm that once threatened to overwhelm it.

That acknowledgment of weakness which we make in imploring to be relieved from hunger and from temptation, is surely wisely put in our daily prayer. Think of it, you who are rich, and take heed how you turn a beggar away.—*Thackeray.*

People that make pious are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witicism.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Human wisdom has discovered nothing clearer than this—that in all the operations of trade above a primitive barter, you must have a standard or measure of values; and human ingenuity has never been able to devise any standard more perfect, in essential respects, than the precious metals.

It would be hard to put together more mental and moral philosophy than the Persians have thrown into a sentence:—

Foiled thou must be, though wisest of the wise; Thine be the fool of virtue, not of vice."

—*Emerson.*

The vulgarity of some modern clergymen was long ago forestalled by declaimers. Cardinal Perron complains of a spiritual orator of his time for saying, "Lord! cleanse Thou Thy lips with the napkin of Thy love!"

What a comfort a dull, but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

## POVERTY IN WEALTH.

A London merchant, named James Morrison, lately died, worth \$20,000,000. He had been in Parliament, he was liberal in his expenditures, he paid his debts, and therefore, the English journals, which are severe upon poor people, have raised Mr. Morrison to the seventh heaven of fulsome eulogy. He made his money, however, in no very laudable manner. Any trader who was "in a tight place" had only to give Mr. Morrison a supply of goods in marketable condition, at half the cost price, and that liberal gentleman would immediately give him a check. Now and then, to be sure, he came within a hair's breadth of being prosecuted as a "receiver," but always drove just outside the operation of the law. In London, where he was known, such a character was a fair mark for sarcasm, and we find his history and mode of trading very fully shadowed out in the last number of Dickens's *Household Words*, where, under the title of "Twenty Shillings in the Pound," every one who runs may find, in the adventures of Petty, Lacey & Co., the haberdashers, a palpable allusion of Mr. James Morrison's mode of making money.

We notice the man, puffed and worthless as he really was, on account of an anecdote relating to him, communicated by a correspondent of the *Illustrated London Times*, as follows: "It is said that during the last two years of his life he was the victim of a singular mental hallucination, imagining that he was in the utmost poverty, and that but by daily labor could he get daily bread. His friends accordingly used to place a spoon in his hands, and sent him to work for a short time in the garden, paying him weekly wages of a few shillings, and in this way alone would he be quieted." This may be true, but is not very singular. Thrift very frequently has such a painful terminus as this. Accumulation sometimes operates upon the mind in the manner here described, and inflicts the torture of constantly imagining that poverty is at hand. This is one of the pains and penalties of riches.

Mr. Morrison, haunted by the idea of utter poverty while he had \$20,000,000 of property, is fairly entitled to the title of *millionaire*. But he was only in moderate circumstances compared with a fortunate Englishman, named Martin, who has for forty years been struggling with poverty, and now, by a legal decision, has succeeded to the Jennings property, consisting of \$400,000,000 of accumulation, and estates worth \$2,000,000, per annum. It is difficult to imagine how a man can live up to such an income. It is enough to unsettle the reason.

## AARON BURR.

The following reminiscence is from B. F. Taylor's "Home Made Chips":—

Years ago, a revered friend, now deceased, used to tell us of Aaron Burr, whom he personally knew, and from him we derived a fifth never shaken, that with all his faults, Burr was not the Lucifer he has been painted. The strange incidents of his life came to have, in some sort, the interest of a romance, and the thought, that but for a mere geographical fact, we ourselves might have seen him, may, felt his hand laid upon our young head, seemed to us as if we might have beheld the lamp of Aladdin, if we would, or looked up into the angel-face of the doomed lady of Ellerslie.

Colonel Burr's eye, our friend was wont to say, never looked at, but always into you; a clearly defined and piercing beam. When turned upon an audience, the effect was something like sweeping it with a sunbeam reflected from a mirror, keen and startling.

There was one trait in his character in whose brilliancy a thousand blemishes disappeared: his love for his hapless daughter whom the fifth-keeping sea will surrender by and by; and not only his parental fondness for Theodosia—what a beautiful name for a loving daughter, is Theodosia—"God's gift!"—but her wonderful affection mingled with reverence for him. That man could not have been the evil being he is painted, who could keep the purest of earthly loves forever burning, and preserve until she went down in the baptism of death, the enthusiastic admiration of one of the noblest women who ever breathed the name of "father."

"I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man," she writes; and again, during his absence in Europe: "how often, when my tongue and hands trembled with disease, have I besought Heaven itself to reunite us, or let me die at once. Yet do not hence imagine that I yield to infantile lamentations or impatience. As soon as relief from pain restored me in some measure to myself, I became more worthy of the happiness of being your daughter. Oh, my guardian angel! why were you obliged to abandon me, just when enfeebled nature doubly required your care?"

It is rather the language of lovers than of the gentle



## TO THE CROW.

On Seeing One Flying Over a Settlement on a Winter Day.

BY D. P. SHILLABEER.

Girl of the dark and solemn hue, and harsh unvaried tone,  
That lingers still about our homes when fairer birds have flown,  
I love thy independent ways and constancy together—  
Thou dost not fawn in summer days and fly in winter weather.

With the wild deer and the Indian, when the hunter sought the strand,  
Thou wert found in every sunny nook through all the pleasant land;  
The deer are hunted from the plain, the red men from the hill,  
But spite of persecution's wrath the black crow lingers still.

The statue book takes heed of thee—thou to the wild hast fled,  
A dark and hunted outlaw, with a price upon thy head—  
But tell of rare expedients for keeping out of harm,  
When fowls and traps nor snares, nor shot from old king's arm.

When genial spring gives to the land alternate sun and rain,  
Upon an ancient blasted tree perch secure again,  
Content to see the husbandman sow in the stubborn soil  
The seed that when he turns away, becomes your certain spoil.

Guerrilla-like, when conflict's tide has swept your home away,  
You foray on the enemy, and spoil him as you may;  
Or like a parson, sombre robed, you glance along the field,  
And think how in good time you'll take a tithe of all its yield.

You steady spendthrift! when the corn puts forth its tender shoots,  
Your income you anticipate by nibbling off the roots;  
How very much at such a time, to one who hears your shouts,  
You seem like jolly prodigals, put through "a course of sprouts."

Then long may live the ancient crow, so subtle and so black,  
Nor ever from our harvest fields his scanty gleanings lack;  
And should perchance he fall within the scope of human laws,  
May he never want a ready friend to stand and plead his cause.  
—Evening Gazette.  
Belfast, N. S., Nov. 1, 1857.

## SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

FROM BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

The general idea entertained of Sir William Wallace is that of a rough but skillful warrior, endowed with marvellous strength of arm, and courage that never shrunk from any trial. His sword is preserved as an evidence of his personal prowess, and if he used the weapon which tradition assigns to him, his strength far exceeded that of common men.

This popular notion of Wallace consists with such authentic history as we possess. It is correct so far as the man is delineated; but some set of peculiarities is described and all others are omitted. Nearly all nations have their heroes, and many virtues are ascribed to each. The Scottish hero had the virtues of military courage and skill developed very largely, and as they told more strongly with a military people than any others, and were more intelligible perhaps to their hardy and historians than his political services to Scotland, they have been described more fully than his diplomatic qualifications, or than those accomplishments that rather belong to private than to public life.

We are not to re-write the wondrous story of this short life—to tell again how in the course of seven years the younger son in a squire's family defeated and overthrew the armies and Generals of a great and popular monarch—wrested from him the possession of a kingdom—fought all the hostile influence of feudal power—out of a nation of serfs raised an independent army, amenable only to the royal authority, which, as Regent, wielded—gave to the nation's Parliament a rude but strong life—knew how alike to lead in cabinet or camp, and how in camp or court to be led and to obey—solved, so far as a solution was practicable then, all the problems of the day between people, peers and king, and reconciled them all to the national cause; and, amid ceaseless and passionate struggles for national existence, for personal and public vengeance, confined to cultivate, to encourage, and to extend national commerce, and to ally national independence with individual industry, eliciting all once from crude materials a mercantile and a military spirit—and in a selfish age, from a selfish aristocracy and a domineering priesthood, gaining popular rights, without the reproach of having sought personal objects for personal ends.

Wallace was the man of the people, and the faithful servant of a monarch in a foreign prison. To the people he would have given personal freedom: to the sovereign a throne independent alike of domestic and foreign superiors. He struck not down alone the feudal power of the Norman king, but also the feudal strength of the great Norman barons. The system of serfdom existed long after his death, but his life secured its death. Theburghal influences were the roots of political freedom; and he planted them. His regency restored old Saxon customs, and once more made the people a power in the state. We think of him now as the great national chief in the struggle between Scotland and England. Those who read that history might see in the olden strife between Saxon and Norman—between the aristocratic and democratic elements of the same race—a strife fought on other fields, for apparently different objects, in future times, between Cromwell and Rupert.

Sir William Wallace was for his age and in his age a scholar of liberal attainments; conversant with the best works of art in Europe, and probably, therefore, a man of taste; fond as all men of that character and time were of carved columns in stately temples, on which art then chiefly traced the evidence of its existence.

An old portrait is fondly supposed by some enthusiasts to preserve the features of the man. We would not roughly break the dream of a harmless fancy, but portrait-painting was not in a very advanced state in this country six hundred years since.

The friends of this painting overcome every difficulty—that chronological one inclusive—by assuming that Wallace visited Paris and

Rome, and was known in continental courts. These circumstances do not help the matter much; but the painter had studied the history of his subject. He lived nearer the events of that leader's life by two or three centuries than those who now write of them. The general state of society in the days of the Bruce and Wallace was more intelligible to him perhaps than to us. He was a man of genius; and at least, if he could do no more, he placed on canvas the opinion that he had formed of this great leader. The painting denotes a man of calm rather than stern determination; of strong intelligence and resolution—a man whom we would anticipate to cope with difficulties and overcome them—to meet troubles and not be vanquished by them—a man of heroic spirit, who would not be elated greatly with success, but who would not quiver at the edge of the axe. From the features we should infer the immense physical strength that he is said to have possessed; and yet over them hangs a shade of gentleness, and a mournful tint, gathered from the day when the lady who was said to have been his wife was murdered by his foes.

This circumstance is forgotten often, that the martyr to freedom on Smithfield, was a very young man. Sir William Wallace died in early youth. He had a great work to do. He did it well, even to the end—to the scaffold and the torture, decreed for him by a great king of England, in many respects an able and a great monarch, but so destitute of generosity that having paid a traitor to betray a still abler and a greater soldier than himself, he not only ordered his death, but his death by torture. The haughty Edward dreamed not then that the death-warrant of Wallace, was that also of all his ambition and hopes, the insult which made reconciliation impossible—which fired hearts that were before almost hopeless—inspired purposes that were nearly extinguished—irritated the nobility and the squireship of the land which he wished to make a county or a province—and kindled into fury that commonly to whom Wallace had been the object of profound hero-worship, and who in all changing scenes stood by him, always constant and faithful—the unbroken spearmen whom he had trained—that noble democracy of burghers and peasants whose vengeance for many sufferings made Robin heights but a red, red mire, and for their leader's death of agony made Bannockburn a river of blood—who cared for neither faction nor king, but followed the Comyn to Robin, or the Bruce to Stirling, intent on one conclusion, and that alone—their national independence.

Edward's courage was often placed beyond cavil or doubt. He was a brave man—the bravest of the brave among the kings of his day. He was a wise man, for the policy which he proposed was necessary to the ultimate greatness of the three kingdoms; but he was not a good man, or a sagacious prince. The wisdom of Henry VII., whose valor was not less tried on battle-fields, rendered possible by peace what Edward made impossible by war; but Edward had none of Henry's wise determination to gain from kindness, what was lost to power.

## CURIOUS FACTS.

Dr. Livingston, in his recent work on South Africa, says:—

"The Bechuannas are universally much attached to children. A little child toddling near a party of men while they are eating is sure to get a handful of the food. This love of children may arise, in a great measure, from the patriarchal system under which they dwell. Every little stranger forms an increase of property to the whole community, and is duly reported to the chief—boys being more welcome than girls. The parents take the name of the child, and often address their children as Ma (mother), or Ra (father). Our eldest boy being named Robert, Mrs. Livingston was, after his birth, always addressed as Ma-Robert, instead of Mary, her Christian name. I have examined several cases in which a grandmother has taken upon herself to suckle a grandchild. Masina of Kuruman had no children after the birth of her daughter Sina, and had no milk after Sina was weaned, an event which usually is deferred till the child is two or three years old. Sina married when she was seventeen or eighteen, and had twins; Masina, after at least fifteen years' interval since she last suckled a child, took possession of one of them, applied it to her breast, and milk flowed, so that she was able to nurse the child entirely. Masina was at this time at least forty years of age. I have witnessed several other cases analogous to this. A grandmother of forty, or even less, for they become withered at an early age, when left at home with a young child, applies it to her own shrivelled breast, and milk soon follows. In some cases, as that of Ma-bogging, the chief wife of Mahure, who was about thirty-five years of age, the child was not entirely dependent on the grandmother's breast, as the mother suckled it too. I had witnessed the production of milk so frequently by the simple application of the lips of the child, that I was not therefore surprised when told by the Portuguese in Eastern Africa of a native doctor who, by applying a poultice of the pounded larvae of hornets to the breast of a woman, aided by the attempts of the child, could bring back the milk. Is it not possible that the story in the 'Cloud of Witnesses,' of a man during the time of persecution in Scotland putting his child to his own breast, and finding, to the astonishment of the whole country, that milk followed the act, may have been literally true? It was regarded and is quoted as a miracle; but the feelings of the father towards the child of a murdered mother must have been as nearly as possible analogous to the maternal feeling; and, as anatomists declare the structure of both male and female breasts to be identical, there is nothing physically impossible in the alleged report. The illustrious Baron Humboldt quotes an instance of the male breast yielding milk; and though I am not conscious of being over-credulous, the strange instances I have examined in the opposite sex make me believe that there is no error in that philosopher's statement."

ORIGIN OF KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.—Matthew of Westminster says that, formerly it was usual to kiss the hand of his Holiness, a certain lewd woman, in making an offering to the Pope, not only kissed his hand, but also pressed it. The Pope—his name was Leo—seeing the danger, cut off his hand, and thus escaped the contamination to which it had been exposed. Since that time, the precaution has been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand.—Buckle's History of Civilization in England.

## THE ROYAL KITCHEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The kitchen is a noble apartment of nearly fifty feet in height—situated on the northern side of the castle. And the Christmas good cheer requires ample space. As many as sixty turkeys are roasted for the royal table at this season. The household and the domestics help, of course, to consume them. Large fires at both ends of the kitchen look enormous, and, with the viands slowly revolving on the spits, present a wonderful picture. On either side there are also charcoal fires for the more delicate cookery—for the *chef-d'œuvre* of French invention—aided by certain mysterious utensils used in the process that sadly bewilders the uninitiated, whose astonishment is moreover excited by the great size and number of the culinary vessels displayed ostentatiously around the huge fire-places.

Among the standing dishes, we are informed, on her Majesty's table, there is a baron of beef, an irrepressible pie, and a boar's head, two or three swans, and a large woodcock pie, which, by old custom, is sent over by the Viceroy of Ireland.

As might have been expected, the staff of persons employed in the kitchen is numerous. It consists of a *chef de cuisine* (an important post, now filled by M. Moret), two master cooks, two yeomen of the month, two yeomen of the kitchen, two roasting cooks, two larders, five scullers, one steam-man, three kitchen-maids, two men in the green-office, and it is called, their duty being to clean the vegetables; that of the steam-man is to boil them; and there are four apprentices, to learn the art and mystery of cooking.

The scene in the kitchen is one of great order; no bustle, no confusion; all the details, even of the largest dinner, being so subdivided and arranged that each person has his own part to attend to, and in consequence there is no disorder. The quiet is remarkable. The chief scene of activity is when the footmen are in attendance to convey the dishes from the hot table in the centre of the kitchen, on which they are deposited, to the apartments, as it often happens that her Majesty dines in private; and, besides, there are so many for whom provision is made, that the supply seems at all times enormous.—*Wife's Own Book of Cookery.*

## THE NIGHT REVIEW BEFORE AUSTRALITE.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

December dawn—through foggy fogs  
The sun strove hard to shine,  
A rolling of the muffled drums  
Was heard along the line;  
In simple gray the Corporal  
Rode with his head bent down,  
More like a sultan than the man  
Who won an Emperor's crown.

He looked at South, and raised his hand,  
He stood god-like upright,  
Then all at once a silence fell  
As deep and hushed as night.  
Ten thousand faces turned at once—  
Like flowers under the sun—  
The gunner, with his lighted match,  
Stood silent by his gun.

"One year to-day, my sons, you placed  
The crown upon my head."  
(We saw his coal-black eye was fixed,  
His yellow cheek grew red.)  
The Tartar yonder want to steal  
That iron crown you gave,  
And will you let them? Tete de Dieu,  
The shout the soldiers gave!

Six hundred cannon belled out: "No!"  
The eagles waved—and then  
There came the earthquake clattering  
Of a hundred thousand men.  
In waves of sound the grandeur  
Cried: "Vive l'Empereur!" at once,  
And drew back along the line,  
Like Lapland's midnight suns.

"Soldiers, a thunderbolt must fall  
Upon this Tartar's head,  
Your Emperor will be this day  
Victorious or dead.  
My children, where the eagle flies  
Is (who dare doubt it?) France!  
To-day we'll light the bivouac fire  
With Russia's broken lance!"

A grizzled giant, old Daru,  
Looked round him with a frown—  
He wore upon his broad bull chest  
The order of the "Crown."  
"To-morrow, when those Russian flags  
In shreds we hope to bring,  
And lay them out on Emperor's feet,  
A bouquet for a king!"

THE SWEDES.—A common phrase about the Swedes, repeated in all descriptions of them, is that they are the "French of the North." It does not seem to me true, and must have taken its origin in superficial resemblances, and in another age. There is a tact and politeness with the most aristocratic classes, which is somewhat French. They use the language also much, and in the last century were much imbued with French ideas. But the essential groundwork of the Swedish nation is anything but French.—They are a sober, serious people. The severe skies and dark forests of evergreen, and their Teutonic blood, have brought forth a solemn, almost superstitious temperament. There is much ardor and force apparent in all classes, the natural accompaniment of their vigorous constitutions and sanguine habit of body. But with this always a certain seriousness or religiosity, not a poetic sadness, as in the Hungarian temperament, or an over-strained earnestness, as in the American, but a soberness as from a tendency of the mind to fasten on unseen and spiritual phenomena. This, too, being a matter more of feeling than of reflection; for the nation does not at all impress you as do the Germans—as a people skeptical or given to inquiring into spiritual truths. The same thing is true of the Norwegian, though not to so great a degree. The Norwegian is a modern democrat by the side of the Swede, the old aristocrat; rough, ready, manly, intelligent, equal to any one, and accustomed to battle with the most potent powers of nature. The Swede is more refined, courteous and gentle, with more of poetry and superstition clinging to him, but still with the old Norse power in him. I confess, of the two, the Swede is to me the more interesting, though by no means the more valuable to the world. Both nations are essentially inclined to superstition.—*The "Norse Folk," by C. L. Brace.*

13<sup>th</sup> Aristotle wondered at nothing more than at this, that they were thought richer than the superstitious things, than they who had what were profitable and necessary.

## ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF GENERAL JACKSON.

In one of the Indian campaigns, whilst the army was on its march, still in Tennessee, on its way to the scene of war in Alabama, a drafted company was expected daily to overtake the main body of troops. This company at length reached the rear of the train. Information of their approach was immediately carried to the front, where Jackson was at the time. As the messenger passed from rear to front, the fact that this company were without arms, having left their guns at home, was made known along the whole line. It was known to the entire army before it reached Jackson's ears. Curiosity was on tip-toe to know how the irascible commander would act under such circumstances. A storm was anticipated. Soon the General was observed making his way rapidly to the rear, and to the surprise of all parties, seemingly in rather smiling mood. Finally he met the company. He saluted them. They looked for a volley of curses and an immediate dismissal home—the very thing they desired. Not so, however. Old Hickory pulled off his hat, and with the politest and lowest bow, expressed his gratification at their arrival, and especially at the fact that they had no guns. The very men he wanted, just as he desired them—without arms. Forming them for rapid motion, at double quick step, under his own lead, they marched on till a baggage wagon was reached, then halted, and each man was furnished with an axe. Forward march, again, was the word. As they passed along the line of march, the General's object was seen, and laughter, loud and uproarious, with many a hearty cheer, saluted them as they made their rapid way to the front. There these axemen were at once initiated into their campaign duties. They cleared the roads, they bridged the creeks, or carried the wagons piece by piece, the baggage, ammunition, &c., over their backs, when bridges were impassable. They were ever on a post of danger, bearing the burdens of the campaign, sharing none of its honors—the laughing stock of the whole army.

ANOTHER.—Old Hickory crossed the Warrior river at the close of a campaign, at Carthage, in Tuscaloosa county. There he halted and rested for the recruit and refreshment of the sick and wounded for a few days. The citizens of Tuscaloosa, then a small village, got up a public dinner to the General. A detachment of militia officers, armed cap-a-pie, went to Carthage to extend the invitation to Jackson. They found him busy, on foot, near the main road, dismounted, and with well set phrase, their spokesman invited him to the dinner.

"For how many have you made provision?" asked Jackson. "For all my men?" "No, only for yourself and officers." "By the ———, then," replied the old hero, "I nor officer of mine will eat a dinner not provided for all our boys!" Then turning on his heel abruptly, he left them.

The poor militia men were sadly discomfited and mortified at this rebuff. But worse was in store for them. A quartermaster, or his assistant, had laid hands on every horse of the delegation, and claimed them for the public service. Furious, they appealed to the General. He declined interfering; could make no distinctions. Other men's horses were taken, why not theirs?—was surprised at their want of patriotism, not willing to give up their horses for the transportation of the sick and wounded soldiers! The case was hopeless—the weather warm—the military trappings, coat, sword, boots, &c., all unsuited for a long march in the hot and dusty weather. No conveyance, however, could be had. The generals, colonels, majors and captains of the Tuscaloosa militia, walked to Tuscaloosa.

"And that's the reason," naively added my informant, "why Tuscaloosa always voted against the old General."

I believe these anecdotes to be true. They have never been published. The authorities from whom I had them are every way reliable. The late ———, of Selma, Dallas county, gave me the first in 1838. He has been dead for years. He was a quartermaster in Jackson's army—himself an enthusiastic admirer of the old hero, politically, at that time a supporter of Judge White. He represented himself as an eye witness of the scene.

The second I have from D. E., near Havana, in Greene county, Ala. He is still living. Believes Jackson to have been the greatest man, save Washington, who ever lived. At the time of the occurrence he resided near Carthage. He saw and heard as I have written, substantially.—*Mobile Mercury.*

A LIBEL ON WOMAN, (PERHAPS).—Charles Reade is a popular novelist, now-a-days, but he has, in one of his books, written:—

"Nothing is so hard to woman as a long, steady struggle. In matters physical, this is the thing the muscles of the fair cannot stand. In matters intellectual and moral, the long strain it is that beats them dead. Do not look for a Bacon, a Newton, a Handel, a Victoria Hugo. Some American ladies tell us education has stopped the growth of these. No! meadames. These are not in nature. They can bubble letters in ten minutes that you could no more deliver to order in ten days than a river can play like a fountain. They can sparkle gems of stories; they can dash diamonds of poems. The entire sex has never produced one opera nor one epic that mankind could tolerate a minute; and why?—these come by long, high-strung labor. But weak as they are in the long run of everything but the affections, (and there they are giants,) they are all overpowering while their gallop lasts. Frigella shall dance any two of you flat on the floor before four o'clock, and then dance on till peep of day. You trundle off to your business as usual, and could dance again the next night, and so on through countless ages. She who danced you into nothing is in bed, a human jelly crowned with headache."

A DISPUTED QUESTION.—An old toper, after indulging quite freely in his accustomed beverage, amused himself in teasing a mettlesome horse. The animal not fancying his familiarity, suddenly reared, and the disciple of Bacchus found himself sprawling in an adjacent mud puddle. Gathering himself up as comported as his situation would allow, he shouted to his son John, who was standing by.

"John, did you see me kick that 'ere boss?" "Why, no, dad, the boss kicked you!" "Reckon not, John. One of 'others of us got badly hoisted. Teaset me, John, for I'm here!"

## GONE.

And thou indeed art gone! I scarce dare speak  
The thought aloud, it makes my heart so weak:  
I never knew what parting meant before;  
Thou wert so much to me, friend, brother, more!

Long years ago, when I was sore in need,  
In mercy sent, thou camest a friend indeed,  
To bid me shun the evil, choose the right,  
And turn my spirit-darkness into light.

Each day we spent together closer drew  
Our souls, each hour brought pleasures pure and new,  
Whence, then, alas, the mandate that thy heart  
Should be as one with mine—our lives apart?

Full often when they thought I calmly slept,  
Unseen by all, so softly have I wept  
Thy window near, that the same light on thee  
Within that fell, without might shine on me!

Still, half unconsciously, I sit and strain  
My ear to catch thy footstep, but in vain;  
Then waking from my dream afrighted start,  
To feel what once thou wast, and what thou art.

But fare thee well, I'll strive without a tear  
To yield thee back—the loan I hold so dear;  
If God has bade thee cheer some other way,  
I cannot, will not, dare not wish thy stay.

RUTH.

## HOW PEOPLE LIVED ONLY A GENERATION AGO.

Mr. Goodrich (Peter Parley) in his "Recollections of a Lifetime," thus depicts the life of his youth in New England:—

"Money was scarce, wages being about fifty cents a day, though those were generally paid in meat, vegetables, and other articles of use—scarcely in money. There was not a factory of any kind in the place. There was a butcher, but he only went from house to house to slaughter the cattle and swine of his neighbors. There was a tanner, but he only dressed other people's skins; there was a clothier, but he generally filled and dressed other people's cloth. \* \* \* Even dyeing blue a portion of the wool, so as to make linsey-woolsey for short gowns, aprons, and blue-mixed stockings—vital necessities in those days—was a domestic operation. During the autumn, a dye-tub in the chimney corner—thus placed so as to be cherished by the genial heat—was as familiar in all thrifty houses, as the Bible or the back-log. It was covered with a board, and formed a cosy seat in the wide-mouthed fire-place, especially of a chill evening. \* \* \* Our bread was of rye, tinged with Indian meal. Wheat bread was reserved for the sacrament and company. \* \* \* All the vegetables came from our garden and farm. The fuel was supplied by our own woods—sweet-scented hickory, snapping chestnut, odoriferous oak, and reeking, fizzling ash. \* \* \* Sugar was partially supplied by our maple-trees. These were tapped in March, the sap being collected, and boiled down in the woods. This was wholly a domestic operation, and one in which all the children rejoiced. \* \* \* Rum was largely consumed, but our distilleries had scarcely begun. A half-pint of it was given, as a matter of course, to every day-laborer, more particularly in the summer season. In all families, rich or poor, it was offered to male visitors as an essential point of hospitality, or even good manners. Women—I beg pardon—ladies, took their schnapps, then named 'Hopping Elixir,' which was the most delicious and seductive means of getting tipsy that has been invented. Crying babies were silenced with hot toddy, then esteemed an infallible remedy for wind on the stomach. Every man imbibed his morning dram, and this was esteemed temperance. There is a story of a preacher about those days, who thus lectured his parish: 'I say nothing, my beloved brethren, against taking a little bitters before breakfast, and after breakfast, especially if you are used to it. What I contend against is this drumming, drumming, drumming, at all hours of the day.' \* \* \* We raised our own fax, rotted it, hatched it, dressed it, and spun it. The little wheel, turned by the foot, had its place, and was as familiar as if it had been a member of the family. \* \* \* The wool was also spun in the family, partly by my sisters, and partly by Molly Gregory, daughter of our neighbor, the town carpenter. I remember her well as she sang and spun aloft in the attic. In those days, church singing was one of the fine arts—the only one, indeed, which flourished in Ridgefield, except the music of the drum and fife. The choir was divided into four parts, ranged on three sides of the meeting-house gallery. \* \* \* Twice a year, that is, in the spring and autumn, the tailor came to the house and fabricated the semi-annual stock of clothes for the male members—this being called 'whipping the cat.' Mantuamakers and milliners came in their turn, to fit out the female members of the family. There was a similar process as to boots and shoes."

"At the period of my earliest recollections, men of all classes were dressed in long, broad-tailed coats, with huge pockets, long waistcoats, and breeches. Hats had low crowns, with broad brims—some so wide as to be supported at the sides with cords. The stockings of the parson, and a few others, were of silk in summer and worsted in winter; those of the people were generally of wool, and blue and gray mixed. Women dressed in wide bonnets—sometimes of straw and sometimes of silk; the gowns were of silk, muslin, gingham, &c.—generally close and short-waisted, the breast and shoulders being covered by a full muslin kerchief. Girls ornamented themselves with a large white Vandike. \* \* \* Tavern haunting—especially in winter, when there was little to do—was common, even with respectable farmers. Marriages were celebrated in the evening, at the house of the bride, with a general gathering of the neighborhood, and usually wound off by dancing. Everybody went, as to a public exhibition, without invitation. Funerals generally drew large processions, which proceeded to the grave. Here the minister always made an address, suited to the occasion. If there was any thing remarkable in the history of the deceased, it was turned to religious account in the next Sunday's sermon. Singing meetings, to practise church music, were a great resource for the young, in winter. \* \* \* Balls at the taverns were frequented by the young; the children of deacons and ministers attended, though the parents did not. The winter brought sleighing, skating, and the usual round of indoor sports."

LAST HOPES OF A BEAUTY.—Poor Lady Coventry! It is hard upon a standard beauty when she is in a deep consumption. She lay constantly on a couch, with a pocket-glass in her hand, and when that told how great the change was, she took to her bed. The last fortnight she had no light in her room but the lamp of a tea-kettle, and at last took the things in through the curtains of her bed, without suffering them to be undrawn.—*Walpole's Letters.*

## WHO WAS THE FIRST CHINAMAN?

The notions which the Chinese entertain as to the progenitor of our species are interesting. It appears that this tradition, like our scriptural account, begins with a time when the earth was void and shapeless. Out of this sprang a dual power—rest and motion: the former representing the female, and named Yin; the other representing the male, and named Yang. A competent writer in Household Words, tells us that of heaven and earth, of genii, of men, and of all creatures, animate and inanimate, Yin and Yang were the father and mother. Furthermore, all these things are either male or female; there is nothing in nature neuter. Whatever in the material world possesses, or is reputed to possess, the quality of hardness (including heaven, the sun, and day) is masculine. Whatever is soft is feminine. Choofoote says on this subject: "The celestial principle formed the male; the terrestrial principle formed the female." The Chinese have also a theory resembling one propounded by Pythagoras, concerning monads and duads. "One," they say, "beget two, two produced four, and four increased to eight; and thus, by spontaneous multiplication, the production of all things followed." As for the present system of things, it is the work of what they call "the triad powers—Heaven, Man and Earth." The following is translated from a Chinese Encyclopedia, published about sixty years ago: "Before heaven and earth existed, they were commingled as the contents of an egg-shell are." (In this egg-shell, heaven is likened to the yellow, and earth to the white of the egg.) "Or they were altogether turbid and muddy, like thick dregs just beginning to settle. Or they were together, like a thick fog on the point of breaking. Then was the beginning of time, when the original power created all things. Heaven and earth are the effect of the First Cause. They, in turn, produced all other things besides."—*Sir Oscar Reiphan.*

## KISSES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

Tell me who first invented the clocks,  
Classing the hours and the minutes in flocks?  
That was some sorrowful, shivering man—  
Deep into midnight his reveries ran.  
While he counted the nibbling of mice round the hall,  
And the notes of the death watch which ticked in the wall.

Tell me who first invented a kiss?  
Oh, that was some smiling young mouth full of bliss;  
It kissed without thinking, and still kissed away,  
'Twas all in the beautiful, fresh month of May—  
Up from the earth the young blossoms sprang,  
The sunbeams were shining, the merry birds sang.

## Useful Receipts.

TO KEEP PART OF A BOTTLE OF PORTER OR ALE BRISK.—Put in the cork firmly, and set the cork end downwards, in a tumbler, or other vessel, nearly full of water.

TO RESTORE LINEN THAT HAS LONG BEEN STAINED.—Rub the stains on each side with wet brown soap; mix some starch to a thick paste with cold water and spread it over the soaped places; then expose the linen to the air. If the stains do not disappear in three or four days, rub off the mixture and repeat the process with fresh soap and starch.

TO FASTEN LEATHER TO METAL.—Soak the leather in a hot solution of nut galls, and apply it to the metal upon which it is to be fastened, having first given the metal a coat of glue. When dry, the leather will adhere so tight that it sooner tears than separates from the metal.

WATERPROOF POLISH FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.—Mix together two pints of vinegar, and one pint of soft water; stir into it a quarter of a pound of glue broken up, half a pound of logwood chips, a quarter of an ounce of finely powdered indigo, a quarter of an ounce of the best soap, and a quarter of an ounce of isinglass. Put the mixture over the fire, and after it comes to a boil continue the boiling for ten minutes or more. Then strain the liquid, and bottle and cork it. When cold, it is fit for use. Before applying this polish to boots, shoes, &c., you should remove the dirt with a sponge and water; then put on the polish with a clean sponge. Should it be found too thick, hold it near the fire to warm a little, and the heat will liquify it sufficiently to be used.

TO WASH BROWN LINEN.—Wash in cold suds, and rinse without boiling, and have the starch cold.

RECIPE FOR USING STALE BREAD.—Take some pieces of bread, crust and all, put them in a pan of cold water for several hours, then with the hand press out the water, and mash the bread roughly. To a quart of this add a pint of four, two tablespoons of molasses, and half a teacup of lard, mix with sufficient cold water to form a rather stiff batter, then add a teaspoon of soda, no eggs are required; bake quick on a griddle, and they are equal to buckwheat cakes.

EXCELLENT WASHING RECIPE.—1 gallon boiling water poured upon half a pound unskilful cold lime, stand till cold. 1 gallon boiling water poured upon 1 pound salt soda, stand till cold. Pour off the lime water free from sediment into the soda water. Put it in bottles or jugs and keep corked. Put the clothes in soak over night, rub soap on the dirty spots, and put some of the fluid in the water. Next morning rub them out a little, and put in the boiler, in which is a small teacup of the fluid to every 3 gallons of water.

ONIONS.—I perceive that Senator Hale objects to onions on account of the unpleasant odor which they communicate to the breath. If he will swallow a little vinegar after eating, it will remove the cause of his objection. What is much better in this case, is a few kernels of burnt coffee, taken immediately after eating. It will effectually remedy the evil complained of.—*Granite State Farmer.*

LARD CANDLES.—The manufacture of lard candles is carried on to a considerable extent in some of the Western States, particularly Wisconsin, and being monopolized by the few, has proved very lucrative. The following is the receipt in toto. To every 8 pounds of lard, add 1 ounce nitric acid; and the manner of making is as follows: Having carefully weighed your lard, place it over a slow fire, or at least merely melt it; then add the acid, and stir the same as tallow, and you have a clear, beautiful candle. In order to make them resemble beeswax candles, you have only to add a small proportion of pure beeswax.—*Country Gentlemen.*



## A RHYME OF THE TIMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, our self-love that doth soar so!  
Oh, our staid and stately pity!  
That doth walk with regal consciousness  
Of purity within!  
Hearing not our suffering brothers through  
The thunders of the city,  
With their anguished sobbing muffled in  
An atmosphere of sin!

We can look out through our crimson  
And our purple, velvet lining  
The smooth comfort of our goodness  
And our gracious evermore—  
While the tides of indoor music  
Beat the thunders of the city,  
And the passionate prayer for aid  
From our dusty plated door!

We sigh—Ah, me! poor souls!—or say  
The world is all before them,  
Let them grasp the axle of their fate  
And reap the harvest of grain!  
Why sit they mourning in low vale,  
Till the thistles red grow o'er them,  
And the harvest ripened for the sheaving  
Perish in the rain?

Women we—born of free mothers—  
Women of a great Republic—  
And we boast our nation's glory  
With a high and regal grace;  
Meeting with unbending hauteur,  
Or with scornful glances oblique,  
The aristocratic schools of  
A royal-blooded race!

Trampling down the old abuses  
Of all crowned and titled powers,  
We stand on the hills of progress,  
While they tarry in the plain;  
But alas! for smiles and sunshine,  
We are not the blooming flowers  
That are blooming at the darkened door  
Of Labor's weary train!

So we tread with splendid dignity,  
Led by a false, false brightness,  
Through the crowds that so upbraid us  
With and eyes and faces pale;  
Never dreaming, in our selfishness,  
Our folly and our lightness,  
That our glory on their midnight  
Flings a shadow full of bale!

Shall we pet our sin-born fancy  
With a thousand foreign graces?  
Shall we snatch the food from starving lips,  
To feed our starving pride?  
Dare we sweep the thousand pavements  
With the crimes and the laces,  
Headless of the dying eyes that closed  
Even while the hands piled?

Sloop! ah, ladies, fine and splendid!  
From your stately city manions  
Sloop! and fill the fasting soul with joy,  
The pallid lips with food!  
Put a veto on your jewels,  
And your velvet's broad expansions,  
For the gentle sake of mercy,  
And your holy womanhood!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Kensington, Nov. 21st.

THE COUNT'S RANSOM.  
—  
A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

The hero of my story, Norman Webster, so called from his craft of weaver (or Webster, as it was then designated), was one of those fortunate military adventurers, such as we sometimes read of, who by the sword succeeded in clearing a passage from the lowliest station in life to wealth and distinction. Abandoning his loom, casting warp and shuttle aside at an early age, he enrolled his humble name among the gallant master then enlisting under the youthful Henry V. of England, following his bright-starred sovereign to the battle-fields of France.

Norman's father, Tom Webster, had acquired some skill in his craft of armorer, and shrewdly judging that the commencement of a war boded well for artisans of his calling, naturally enough represented to our hero that he had better remain at home, and assist him in hammering out suits of mail, instead of setting out with the silly intention to better them in the foreign wars just at the opening of the prospective remunerative harvest at home.

But all in vain were honest Tom's representations. Norman, "had heard of battles," and he longed to distinguish himself in the field; so he inflexibly clung to his resolve. Having once made up his mind that smashing French harness would produce a richer reward in shorter time than either throwing the shuttle, under his old master, or mending battered armor, under his father, he once helped himself to the best blade in old Tom's stall, and with this first achievement in the way of booty, joined the royal forces at Southampton.

Once wafted by fair breezes to the sunny shores of Normandy, our hero's invincible courage and great powers of endurance, added to that daring spirit of adventure that rendered him reckless to danger, soon gained him the notice of the young and chivalrous Henry V. He rapidly advanced from one promotion to another, until, at the battle of Agincourt, where he towered like the very embodied demon of the fight, breaking with his resistless might through the before invincible ranks of the war-worn Alençon, he was not only honored with the command of a battalion, but his deeds of high enterprise were rewarded with knighthood.

When Norman approached his sovereign to receive the ennobling stroke, and the question usual in such cases was put relative to his name, it was a little puzzled our worthy craftsman, who had received no other cognomen at the baptismal font than Norman, son of Tom. Now, however, as it was obvious that a knight should be supposed of a family of mark sufficient to indulge in the luxury of a surname, our adventurous knight of the shuttle hesitated for a moment whether to pitch his choice upon a derivative (Tomson) from his father's name of Tom, or the given one pertaining to his craft of Webster. True, neither the plebeian patronymic nor yet the craft appellation was particularly pleasing to the soaring views of our aspiring candidate for knight-hood's spurs, still he might not hesitate beneath the royal standard and in the presence of the victorious sovereign; moreover, so familiar was his longtime cognomen of Webster, that before he had any chance for deliberation, he had given it unawares in his reply, and now he hears himself proclaimed one of the fraternity of knight-hood, as "Rise up, Sir Norman Webster, and be thou a valiant knight and true!" gave a name and rank to the weaver's apprentice, since rendered even more illustrious by those who cared not, perhaps knew not, that it was given to their ancestor on the field of Agincourt.

From the first, our valiant knight was, in a twofold sense, a soldier of fortune, caring not only for fame, but keeping at the same time a sharp lookout for the main chance whenever



SHOOTING BUFFALO WITH COLT'S REVOLVING PISTOL.

anything in the way of plunder turned up. Nothing came amiss in the way of booty, from smashed harness to women's kirtles. His great personal strength and invincible courage gained him distinction, while his indomitable resolve in all cases of emergency to look out for Number One brought him riches. Taking nothing to the wars save these qualifications, backed by the sword abstracted from his father's stall, he returned laden with the spoils of sacked convents and Norman castles; yet were all these outshone by a trophy prouder far than any derived from rifled abbey or slaughtered leaders, when he presented at Whitehall a young, beautiful, and high-born bride—the daughter of a noble Norman knight, whom he had rescued, "for a consideration," from the field where chieftain and follower lay mangled together. But not to our knight's generosity was Count Vidal indebted for his life when that worthy stood with uplifted sword considering the value of the noble's suit of mail as he lay bleeding there. Since we are telling a veritable tale, we must needs confess the truth. The count offered his vanquisher a sum quite sufficient as a ransom to compensate for permitting him to retain his mail corslet and diamond-hilted rapier for the nonce.

Leading his prisoner to his own tent, our hero had the count's ugly-looking gasses dressed, and treated him with every becoming and humane attention, until he thought him sufficiently recovered to be able to discuss the matter of the ransom. With this intent he began to examine the count's suit of armor and other accoutrements, when he perceived, to his dismay, that what he at first thought to be of great value, was but gilt, mere gloss and tinsel. Discovering this by scraping the gilding with his dagger from the baser metal of the basinet, our valiant knight threw it contemptuously from him, while giving vent to his impressions on the pauperism of French peers, who, by resorting to such devices, succeeded in arresting the uplifted swords of England's chivalry, when ready to descend on their worthless heads; and going straightway to the sleeping count, he shook him in no very amiable mood, demanding if he were ready to discharge the sum promised, as he would thereupon liberate him.

Roused from his sleep, the old noble, with genuine Norman anxiety, replied that, anxious to preserve his life, he had spoken without giving due consideration to the fact of his present inability to raise so large a sum as that specified, when, as now, ill and absent from his French estates. Our knight hereupon mused gravely upon this distasteful bit of information, and showing the basinet from which, in his laudable quest, he had scraped the gilding, he said:

"Hark ye, sir count! In yonder frippery of copper tinsel I have sufficient demonstration on that point! But since you cannot pay what you have yourself volunteered, how much can I rely upon if I liberate you?"

"Most puissant knight," replied the luckless prisoner, "I acted wrongly in promising more than I had any possibility to perform, being, in good sooth, not master of half the sum agreed upon."

"Then, by my knighthood! sir count, you have put a vexatious cheat upon me!" said our hero. "Had you fallen into the hands of a less magnanimous knight than myself, you would soon be taught that it was but a sorry jest to render yourself up a prisoner upon condition of paying a stipulated sum as a ransom; nor must you think that I will be defrauded out of what you can pay me; therefore, to come at once to the point, how much can I rely upon, prithee?"

"Alas! noble sir, not above a tenth of what in my fright I promised, I fear me," replied the count; "still, I will disburse to the extent of my means."

"Then, prithee, set about discharging that same at once, that I may be rid of the cost and charge of your maintenance."

"Right willingly will I do so, sir cavalier, if you will liberate me upon my parole, seeing that here I can raise nothing, and that you have so adroitly rummaged within the folds of my basinet (expertly emptying the pockets therein), that I have not a son left. If you will accept my parole of honor, I will return to my estates, and there use my utmost endeavors to raise the sum agreed upon."

"Now, by St. George! monsieur, if you think to escape me scot free, after bribing me to save your paltry life at St. Crispin's massacre, you are mistaken! What sort of security, sir count,

do you propose to leave that you will perform your engagement?"

"Alack! most puissant knight, I have nothing to leave as a pledge, unless you would accept of a fair daughter, now in the convent of St. Opportune, hard by," replied the luckless count.

"And how know I that she is fair?" returned the knight. "Perhaps she is, like that old tabard of yours, only parred gilt. Hark ye, sir count, she can sew well with her needle? Can she distill herbs for wounds, and brew, and make pasties?"

"I know no one who can bake or brew better!" replied the count.

"Humph! can she darn well with her needle, for that is what I chiefly want?" asked the discomfited English knight.

"Heaven defend me from boasting, sir knight, but to say that Celine can darn your hose, bake, and brew, would be to fall far short of her accomplishments, seeing she can do all manner of curious stitches to blazon banners and broder coats."

"Broderies I care little for," said the knight, "but if she can mend my doublet, I will consider upon the matter, seeing that though a belted knight, I have to darn my own hose and repair my doublet."

"Valorous knight, Celine will not only keep both in good repair, but she can card and spin both wool and flax as well as the noblest dame in Normandy, having been perfected in all useful accomplishments by her aunt, the abbess of the convent of St. Opportune."

Our English knight, upon hearing this lucky piece of intelligence, rubbed his hands in very delight, as he rejoined,

"By the mass! sir count, but your daughter seemeth a clever one! Prithee, how old is she?"

"Not yet seventeen, most worshipful sir; lively as a kitten, fair and graceful as a lily; and sooth to say, it much grieves me to devote her to a convent."

"And why should so thrifty a dame be cooped up in a convent, when a belted knight like myself has to darn his own hose and patch his own doublet, for the lack of some one to mend them for him? Now, hark ye, sir count! I must first see this daughter of yours, and if she is as fair and well-trained with her needle as you say, and can make pasties and confectious, I will accept her instead of the ransom for your paltry life. But suppose she does not like me, have you any money in your beggarly coffers?"

"Alack! not a son, most valiant knight! but the Lady Celine Vidal knows her place too well, as the daughter of a noble French family, to gaudy her father's wishes in a matter of so little import to herself. Therefore, as I am in somewhat of a hurry to get me back to my estates, I will get a friar to draw out a parchment contract for you to sign, as well as an order upon her aunt, the abbess, to deliver her up to you as soon as you will that the espousals may take place."

"Not so fast, sir count!" said the knight. "By the mass! but having been cheated once by you already, seemeth to me enough. Not quite so fast, I pray! I must see the dame with my own eyes first, lest like the tinsel on your trumpery French gear yonder, she turn out but another cheat you would parley roo upon me. How do I know that she is but seventeen? Now, monsieur, though I would by no means be understood to speak in any wise disrespectfully of any of the venerable patriarchs, still if that old chest of Rachel had tried to impose Leah upon me instead of flinging him into Jacob's well!"

In vain the count essayed to put in a word occasionally, little suspecting that the more he vaunted the amiable as well as industrial qualities of his daughter, the more were both suspected by the knight, who, whenever he essayed to slip in a commendation even edgewise, interrupted him with,

"Hark ye, sir count, you have put cheats now already upon me, I trow; nor will all your talk-movement to contract a marriage of your arrangement, until satisfied that the dame is as comely and well-instructed as you have represented. He who cheats me once, shame for him; but he who cheats me twice, the shame for me!"

"Right valiant, sir, why defer going to St. Opportune's at once?" said the count. "Let us go together, when you can see the Lady Celine and judge for yourself."

"Then go we will," said the knight; "for

even should I not fancy her, which is very likely, still as it is probable your estates have now of mortgages already, I may as well take her as wait for my chance of being paid otherwise. So, as it please your countship, we will ride to the convent at once."

The day was fine, and St. Opportune's but a few hours' ride. Thither they jogged right amiably, with this difference—Count Vidal was anxious to effect his liberty by the transfer of his daughter to the rude English knight, who, on the other hand, with the suspicion pertaining to low origin and uncultured mind, began to have sundry misgivings before they reached the convent, lest another cheat was about being played upon him by the count, and he grew morose and silent, while moodily cogitating thus:—"Suppose, after all, this dame be but a trumpery bit of gloss and tinsel, like her father's gilt tabard? Well, and how am I to know? He says she is fair as the rose of Provence. How am I to know that? seeing I am told damsel uses oftentimes a distillation of waters from flowers that cunningly gives them a fresh complexion. Then her age. No man should have a wife beyond twenty. Nor should I like to be cheated on that point. Yet many an honorable man, I am told, has been. I must say that I consider this same French count as rather a slippery customer, and seeing I am no competent judge of a woman's age, so long as she be smiling and comely, how could I tell whether she be twenty or forty? It would shame me much to have a wife palmed upon me as being younger than she really is. Yet I am told that the damsel themselves have deceived many good and valiant men on this point."

Meditating thus on the certainty that the French count was seducing him into a matrimonial trap, our doughty knight had wrought himself into a sullen, unamiable mood some time before they reached the convent. Count Vidal, meantime, thinking that the silence of his son-in-law elect arose from the pleasing anticipation of meeting his destined bride, redoubled his complaisance, which however had only the effect of reduplicating the suspicions of his boorish companion. Hoping to propitiate his discourteous captor, thinking him impatient to meet his fiancée, he tried to him as they alighted at the lodge, "I trust your happiness will be complete, since you will so soon see the Lady Celine."

"Now just please to spare me any more of your parley-woe," said the knight; "but hasten in and summon the girl, that I may see if she be as great a cheat as your old tabard and basinet."

On hearing this, Count Vidal, who did not understand one word in a sentence of what was spoken by his son-in-law elect, laid his hand on his breast, and, bowing most profoundly, led the way to the convent parlor. Arrived there, and seeing the stately superior rise with decorous urbanity to greet her brother-in-law, and mistaking her for the count's daughter, from her anxious inquiries respecting his health, our malcontent hero broke out with irrepressible indignation, "And do you think to impose that pale, withered old fright on me for a dame of seventeen? By the rod! were she the Duchess of Anjou, I would take her for my wife of mine!"

During the delivery of this ungallant speech, the stately superior, whose pale brow and tranquil features were exposed from the black veil flung back, looked inquiringly at the count for an explanation, whose attention at this moment was arrested by the clear, silvery tones of his daughter, who, bounding into the room, threw her white arms around his neck, exclaiming, "Dear papa, I see you at last! I so feared the English barbarians had killed you!"

"My daughter, let me present you to my noble preserver," said the count, "condescend, most illustrious knight, to see the damsel of whom I spoke—the Lady Celine Vidal."

Never did groom elect comply with such a request more boorishly than did our worthy knight; and never did valiant knight gaze upon a sweeter vision of loveliness than met his gaze in the youthful Lady Celine. Shades of the bright—the beautiful—she was fairer than ye all! Struck with a loveliness and grace such as he had never even imagined, our uncouth knight no sooner saw the sweet face turned inquiringly towards him, than trying to imitate the count's genuflections, he laid his huge hand upon his breast, and made a profound obeisance.

"Celine, my child, would you like to be married?" asked the count.

"I am very happy here, papa," replied Celine.

"Ask her if she could fancy me for a husband!" said the straight-forward knight, shuffling awkwardly nearer to the count.

"All in good time, most honored chevalier," returned the count. "I would first that you learned from her own lips of her rare excellence with the needle, as well as in pastry and confection."

"Sir count, I prithee, vex me not with such trifles," said the knight; "but just ask the damsel if she is willing to be my wife!"

"Celine," said her father, "this valiant knight saved my life at Agincourt—how would you feel disposed to accept him for a husband?"

"A barbarian Englishman, papa!" exclaimed Celine.

"What does she say?" again impatiently demanded the knight, drawing nearer, and twitching at the count's doublet. "Will she consent, do you think?"

"All in good time, most honored chevalier—all in good time," said the count; "I am pleading your cause with her."

"What does he ask, papa?" inquired Celine. "Only that you would consent to become his wife to effect my release."

The color, faint at first, rose to her cheek, deepening over neck and brow, as bending her august head with equine modesty behind her aunt's chair, she raised her soft, white hand to draw down her novice veil, through the transparent fabric of whose meshes she considered the stalwart proportions of the knight before her. Very soon her decision was made.

"Papa, I would rather be the English knight's chatelaine, than stay here shut up in the nunnery," said Celine.

"What does the damsel say?" again interrupted the impatient knight.

"She consents to be your wife," replied the count, "so you can marry her whenever it so pleases you."

"Then, sir count, it pleases me that the rite be performed immediately," said the impatient knight.

"Honored chevalier," returned the count, "a domestic of Lady Celine Vidal's rank cannot wed, as might a peasant's daughter, without fitting preparation of wedding garments. Let her therefore tarry here till she be prepared."

"Wedding gear, forsooth!" cried our hero. "Have not I enough of such trumpery? Chests full of kirtles and farthingales, rich and rare enough to deck a duchess—my share of the spoils of rifled Norman castles! I put them all by to save me outlay in case I should meet a dame to my liking; and now they will save all delay, seeing they are of all sorts and sizes."

When her father explained this to the Lady Celine, truth compels us to say that she made not the slightest objection; nor when on his return to England, Sir Norman Webster presented her at court, then held in Whitehall, did the fair and noble bride feel in the slightest degree scandalized at the manner in which her costly apparel, worn on the occasion, was obtained.

The weaver's apprentice might have sought in vain, despite his great wealth and high military achievements, among the high-born beauties of England for an alliance. But wedded to a noble Norman bride, her high descent, backed by his acquired riches and splendid military reputation, gave such a position to their descendants that they afterwards intermarried with the noblest families of the land. And to this day, few, very few of their widely-spread descendants know that their ancient name and crest were won by a weaver's apprentice, or that they owed their origin to the manner in which Count Vidal paid his ransom.

LEAVE-TAKING.—Dr. O. W. Holmes, in his article, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," in the Atlantic Monthly, says:

"Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over—they want to be off, and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which, being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, backs them down, metaphorically speaking, stern foremost into their native element of out-doors."

## THE SILVER SHILLING.

My dear Clarence, I beg of you to recognize this simple truth—which those who talk much about benevolence forget—that the great substantial pleasure of life is necessarily *effort for oneself*. My dear Clarence, we don't want your philanthropy—this working painfully for the general good. The philanthropic end is brought in a far more genial manner; and mainly through the instrumentality of our Silver Shilling. Each man has all the keen enduring pleasures of selfishness—of strenuous effort for himself and for his family—while working out the very objects of benevolence. For your benevolent sentiment, whatever you may think of it, is, after all, a very weak and mawkish business, when set side by side by the genuine striving after self-advancement. The first passion of all organic nature is what we are pleased to call selfish; the sympathetic and the benevolent are beautiful creations, but are feeble in comparison, like reflected light.

Suppose a traveller, knowing nothing of this subtle "circulating medium," should come—say from the moon, if you will, for we must go far to fetch so unsophisticated a creature—suppose a traveller, ignorant of the subtle operation of the Silver Shilling, should visit our great cities, what a benevolent, what an angelic race he would take us for! Down comes the rain—if he should happen to alight in London, and be plodding through its endless streets—petting, pitiless, drenching the pedestrian to the skin. Every one flies for shelter. But the rain pursues them. What are the delicate and the infirm to do?—this lady all elegance? Even yonder dandy you pity in his all too permeable attire. But no! every one does not fly. Here are men of heroic mould, heroic garments, eased to the throat in caps of oilskin, who take their stand with horse and covered carriage, ready and solicitous to bear off whomsoever wishes, safe and dry to his own home. Heroic men! they even come forth in greater numbers as the shower threatened. What company of Saints ever performed so acceptable a service? Our traveller must indeed have visited other planets, if he ever met with such ready, constant, serviceable saints as those—who, nevertheless, are not reputed to be saints at all.

There is no end of the heroism he would see displayed in London. Here is a scavenger, up to his knees in liquid mud, shovelling the pestiferous mass into a huge cart; himself all mud, that others may go clean; and most unsavory, that others may breathe fresh air. Greater self-denial can no man show—a more trying martyrdom no man endure. Our traveller, coming from the moon, where, doubtless, all is done for honor and the public good, looks eagerly for the "order of merit," which surely must be glittering round the neck of this burly philanthropist. In his enthusiasm, he perhaps snatches some moonshine of this description from his own neck, and, stretching from the pavement, seeks to hang it on the bosom of his hero. Quite unnecessary. The silver medal in his breeches' pocket has done it all.

How would Utopia ever get its scavenger? Is there any way of feeding and rearing a man at the public expense, by which one could develop him into a scavenger? What sort of bread, in our human hive, into so respectable a "busy bee," one of so abnormal an industry? My notion is, that without the Silver Shilling one must go back to the days of the captive and the scourge—back to those times when nations warred with nations, and stole each other, and so got their scavengers and the like.

These men of heroic lives, these huge coal-heavers and those who dive into sewers, or work in the dark bowels of the earth, what college, or what prison institutions, raised these self-dedicated? The alcohol-rears their gin and porter inspire them; their speech is very rude; very little tenderness or sentiment of any kind you get from that paragon, pounding with his huge pestle those granite blocks;—I am afraid he would pound your ribs, if they were under his pestle, with almost as little remorse. But see what they do. What are systems of philosophy, or systems of theology, your institutions, and your churches, to what these rude men effect—what only such men could accomplish? Admire with me how the magic of the Silver Shilling has constrained such men to the severest works of patriotism and philanthropy.

There would be no end to the astonishment of our moon-born traveller. Have you a want? Have you a whim? Down every street you wander, what kind solicitude to gratify it! Silk, and gold, and jewels, and bland services to offer them, and smiling at you as you carry them away. I know not whether his astonishment would be greater at all this practical philanthropy, or on the discovery of that beautiful invention of the Silver Shilling, by which it is all brought about.—*Thornhill, by William South.*

AN EARLY ACCOUNT OF TOBACCO.—Giro-lamo Benzoni, who travelled in America from 1541 to 1556, gives in his work, now recently translated from the Italian, the following account of tobacco which he first saw at Hispaniola:—

"In this island, as also in other provinces of these new countries, there are some bushes, not very large, like reeds, that produce a leaf in shape like that of the walnut, though rather larger, which (where it is used) is held in great esteem by the natives, and very much prized by the slaves, whom the Spaniards have brought from Ethiopia. When these leaves are in season, they pick them, tie them up in bundles, and suspend them near their fire-place till they are very dry; and when they wish to use them, they take a leaf of their grain (maize) and putting one of the other into it, they roll them round tight together; then they set fire to one end, and putting the other end into the mouth, they draw their breath up through it, wherefore the smoke goes into the mouth, the throat, the head, and they retain it as long as they can, for they find a pleasure in it, and so much do they fill themselves with this cruel smoke, that they lose their reason. And there are some who take so much of it, that they fall down as if they were dead, and remain the greater part of the day or night stupified. Some men are found, who are content with imbibing only enough of this smoke to make them giddy, and no more. See what a pestiferous and wicked poison from the devil this must be. It has happened to me several times, that, going through the provinces of Guatemala and Nicaragua, I have entered the house of an Indian who had taken this herb, which in the Mexican language is called *tobacco*, and immediately perceiving the sharp fetid smell of this truly diabolical and stinking smoke, I was obliged to go away in haste, and seek some other place."

Dr. Bellows is lecturing in Boston on the Diseases of Society. The worst disease with which Society is afflicted just now, is a tightness of the chest.







THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1888.

THE PAPER THAT NEVER SUNDERS.

THIRTY-SIX YEARS.

NOVELTY, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE VERY GRAM.

SOMETHING FOR ALL.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

DECEMBER NUMBER NOW READY.

THE BEST BOOKS FOR AGENTS.

THE STOCK MARKET.

THE BANK NOTE LIST.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## Wit and Humor.

RUNNING DOWN A BILL;  
OR, HOW TO AVOID A DUN.

A story is told of Mr. —, well known in this city as a easy-dispositioned, good sort of fellow, who has unconquerable scruples against paying debts—not so much from ethical as financial reasons; believing, with the famous epigrammatist, Martial, that Nature absolves him from all pecuniary liabilities to whom she has not given the means of discharging them.

Some time ago a certain collector for a merchant tailor found among his bills one for forty dollars, for a suit of clothes, against our hero, whom we will call Jenkins. The collector called at Jenkins's place of business, and presented the memorandum of indebtedness. Jenkins ran his eye over it hastily and carelessly, and returned it, saying:

"There's some mistake about this; I owe them twenty-five dollars for a coat, I know—but nothing more. They've got some one else's bill mixed up with mine. Tell Jones, Robinson & Co. (we will so style the firm) I'll call down and see about it."

The collector retired, and surrendered the bill into the hands of J. R. & Co., but they hearing of seeing nothing of their debtor for three months, again sent the specimen of their chirography to Jenkins.

"Hallo!" exclaimed that worthy, "what's this? Forty dollars for a pair of pants? Well, that is a good price. Look here, my friend, (to the collector) there's a big error here somewhere, and I intend to have it rectified. Tell your employers I'll be down there in a week or two and have that thing straightened."

A second time the collector departed, and delivered his message as he had received it. The tailors knew that their bill was correct, and waited patiently for Jenkins many weeks, but he came not.

Once more the bill was made visible by the collector to the eye of Jenkins, who blustered out:

"What the mischief is all this about? Why, confound it, all I got there was a summer vest, the one I have on now—forty dollars for this—well, that is cool! Tell Jones, Robinson & Co., their book-keeper must be drunk. The price of the vest was four dollars—I remember it well—I'll pay that some time when I am passing. Just tell them so."

Three months more elapsed, and Jenkins never came near the store to settle or arrange his bill, and for the fourth time it went back to him.

"Forty, forty, forty—what?—dollars?" questioned Jenkins, squinting at the paper—"forty dollars! Well, that's a good joke! Oh, yes, I see—ha, ha, ha! Why, bless your soul, that is intended for forty cents; they've put the figures in the wrong column. I was going to Louisville one day, and I stepped into their place and bought a pair of socks, and as they had no change convenient for a ten dollar note, I told them I'd step in and pay it; and, by Jove! I've never thought of it since. It's all right; but I haven't a dime in my pocket as it happens. I'll be down that way to-morrow, though, and drop in and pay the trade."

Seven, eight, nine weeks passed, and no Jenkins. For the fifth time the collector stood in Jenkins's path with the ominous and everlasting bill.

Jenkins looked long at the bit of paper, apparently lost in reverie, repeating:

"Jones, Robinson & Co.—Jones—Robinson—Jones—Jones"—and finally asked, "Who are they, any how?"

"Why, you know," replied the collector, "the merchant tailors on Front between — and — streets."

"Let me see! I believe I have heard of such a firm, but nothing good of them, though. Jones, Robinson & Co. Oh, yes; they're a set of swindlers. I know them quite well—they can't play any of their sharp games on me. I never was in their store in my life. I'd be ashamed to be seen going into such a den of thieves. Forty dollars! Why, confound their villainy and impudence! Tell them, if they ever dare to speak to me on the subject, I'll kick them for their impertinence!"—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A GOOD ONE.—A "Green Mountain Boy," (so called because the mountains, not the boys, are green), tells the following spicy anecdote, which we do not remember to have seen in print. Roswell F.—, a Vermont lawyer of distinguished ability, is now residing in St. Louis and in the first rank of the bar of Missouri, had brought a suit in Court which was really so plain a case for the plaintiff, that, having submitted the papers, and other proofs to the court, he felt that his client's interest really required no more, and he accordingly sat down without making the customary opening address to the jury. But the defendant's counsel more ambitious of rhetorical display, and probably conscious that the defence required the best abilities, rose and made a long harangue characterized by an immense flow of pompous words, as was his custom, but destitute of even an attempt at logic or reasoning of any kind. When he had done, the plaintiff's counsel, who was expected to make an elaborate speech in reply, rose and merely said—"May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury—in this case I shall follow the example of the counsel for the defence, and submit the case without argument."—*Boston Post.*

FRIGHTFULLY MYSTERIOUS.—A gentleman sojourning at a fashionable watering place hotel, who was roomed next to two young ladies, overheard the following conversation one morning, recently.

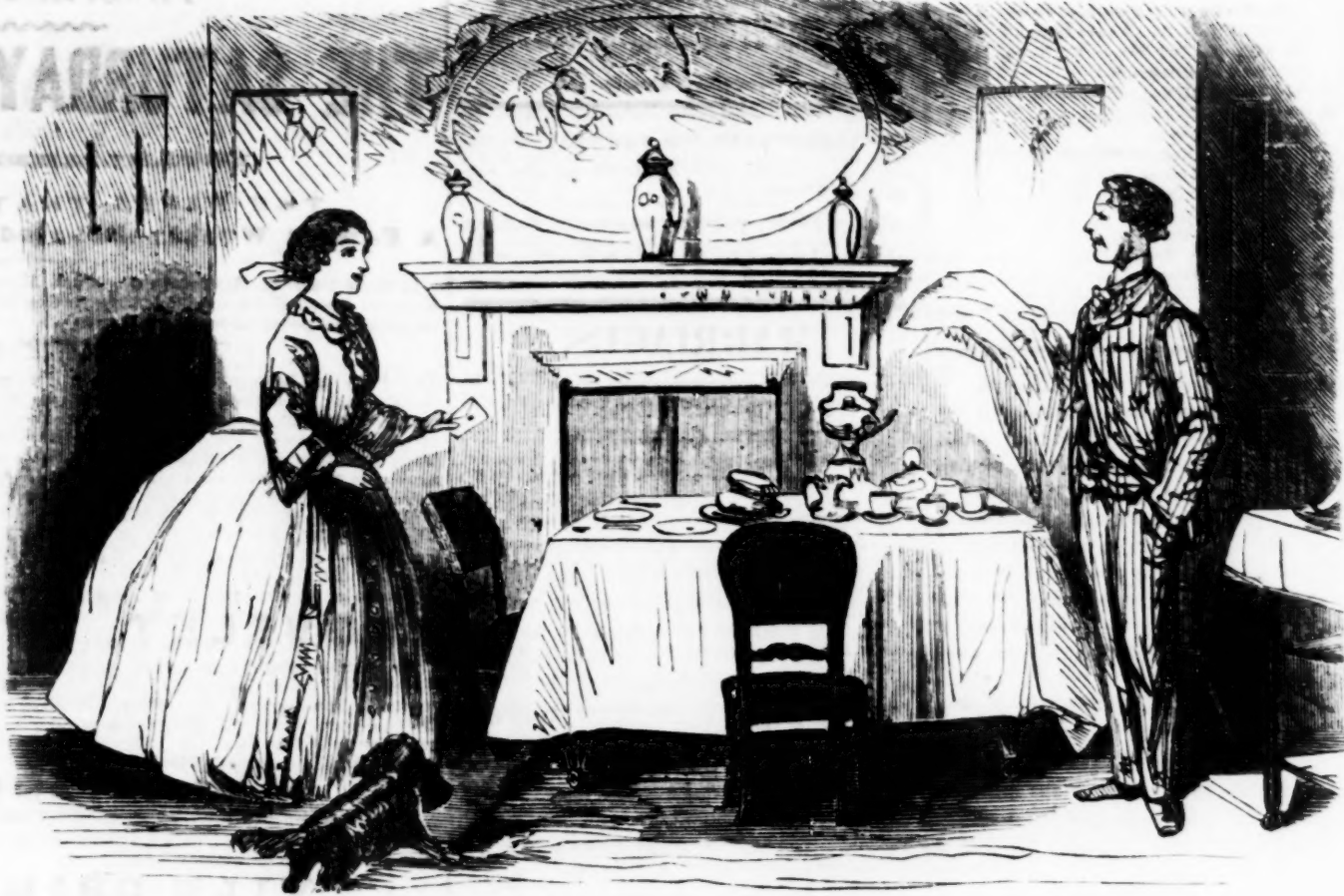
"My dear, I cannot find my bones, and how can I go to breakfast? I shall look as if I had fallen to pieces."

"I will lend you my skeleton, dear, if it will fit you."

"Oh, thank you! how kind! yes, exactly."

Only one young lady appeared at breakfast. What was the condition of the one who lent her "skeleton?"

AT A TRIAL of three-year-old colts, at the Oneida county fair, Job Crocker was trotting his tall, gaunt colt at full speed, and in such an eager manner—with his head stretched forward, and his mouth wide open—as to attract the crowd, when Donaldson sung out, "Shut your mouth, Job, or the draught will stop your horse."



A SHREWD YOUNG MAN.

COUSIN.—"Charlie!—Just fancy what people are saying!"

CAPTAIN CHARLIE.—"Well, Susie!"

COUSIN.—"That—that—you and I are going—a—a—to be—married!"

CHARLIE (with presence of mind).—"A—never mind, Susie,—We know better—we are not so foolish!"

—From the London Punch.

## AN INSULTING EPITHET.

The Gallic temperament appears, from the reports of the correctional police, to be peculiarly sensitive upon the subject of epithets. Here is an instance:

Accused. "Yes, it is quite true. I do not deny what Galpy says. I fell upon him; but if he had said to any one what he did to me, he would have done precisely as I did."

Magistrate. "What did he say to you?"

Accused. "What he said to me—what he said to me—he knows well enough. It suffices that I understood him."

Magistrate. "Galpy, what was it you said?"

Galpy. "I—I don't know; we abused one another, but I don't remember saying anything that should have induced him to beat me as he did."

Magistrate. "Are there no witnesses?"

Witness. "I saw M. Souvrette kick and strike M. Galpy."

Magistrate. "Did Galpy do anything to provoke him?"

Witness. "I don't know; I did not hear. I only know that Souvrette said that Galpy had applied an epithet to him that he could not swallow."

Another witness was called, who likewise stated that Souvrette had beaten Galpy; but he added, that he had been provoked thereunto.

Magistrate. "How provoked?"

Witness. "By an insulting word."

Magistrate. "What word?"

Witness. "Souvrette said that he did not wish to be publicly repeated."

Magistrate. "You are here to tell the truth, and must disguise nothing."

Souvrette. "Oh, you may tell it, for I am not what he called me, and I can prove it when I like."

Witness. "Oh! then I will tell it; Galpy called him an archaeologist."

Magistrate. "An archaeologist! Well, is that an insulting epithet? Archaeologists have become itinerant but not vagabonds."

Witness. "Well, I don't know what it means. It was Souvrette who said it was an insult."

Magistrate. "Souvrette, was it for being called an archaeologist that you struck Galpy? Does that designation conceal some allusion to any act in your life? Have you ever belonged to an archaeological society?"

Accused. "I, indeed! I don't even know what the word means; but the witness who has just spoken, exasperated me by saying: 'Why he has called you an archaeologist, and you take no notice of it!' So I felt my honor concerned, and vindicated it accordingly."

Souvrette was condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment.

HOW THEY CATCH HUSBANDS  
OUT WEST.

Unthinking gentlemen, Mr. Green, has lady put under his charge by anybody, perhaps by gentlemanly stranger, who, in the confidence style, asks him to see her ashore, when they arrive at Suagville. Mr. Green, rather fascinated by his young protegee, more or less. Very dull on board steamboat, passengers tired to death. Mr. Green prosecutes intimacy, and meets with bewildering success. Passengers continue to be very dull. Mr. Green continues to advance. Passengers wouldn't mind a little scandal to pass the time. Green's young lady is observed by other ladies—kind, good, sweet ladies—to cry a great deal in very conspicuous parts of the vessel, and suddenly muffle up her face and sob, or else run. Lady passengers, full of pity, conclude at once that Green is a wretch. Ask girl if he isn't; girl "boo-hoo." Grand indignation scene; gentlemen passengers hold a meeting; noble, impulsive hearts, let out their fine feelings; high-toned moral captain looks grimly and virtuously sagacious; winks to passengers. Takes Mr. Green aside, and bullies him about the girl; Green declines. Captain calls him villain before folks, and orders a marriage forthwith. Green declines. Captain produces two revolvers, a bowie-knife, and a clergyman. Green "caves in" and consents. Young lady overwhelmed, ladies overwhelmed, everybody overwhelmed, especially captain's clerk, who exchanges winks with the bride when unobserved by the rest of the party. All cheerful; captain stands champagne; gentlemen joke Green; ladies all sympathy to bride; dinner and report in newspapers. Green turns up as a widower three days after among the Pelicans. Bride has run away with portmanteau and shirt-studs!

## Agricultural.

## WARMTH OF STABLES.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

I am questioned on the subject of keeping a fine coat on horses in winter. My correspondent writes me word that his horses, even at an early part of the commencement of winter, show prognostics of coats that will by no means satisfy his particularity as to the fineness of them. If he was a man keeping two or three horses only, we might suppose his ill-luck had put him in possession of animals with a peculiar tendency to long and rough coats in winter; but, as he keeps a large number of horses, this cannot be the case; besides which, he is a man of considerable fortune, particularly fond of horses, and of that liberal turn of mind that withholds no reasonable and proper expenditure for the comfort of the animals about him. He is, moreover, a sportsman, and a good judge of horses; so it is not neglect, bad management, or any parsimony, that has produced what he complains of.

He further states he finds a difficulty in keeping his stables sufficiently warm, keeping in view wholesome ventilation. I cannot conceive this to arise from any fault as regards the formation of the stables; for those appertaining to property of the class of my correspondents are not likely to be built but in such way as to be conducive to the well-doing of their inhabitants, in all ways. We must look further for the cause of the two failings complained of.

It strikes me that, as regards the prognostics of long coats during the winter, my correspondent may have been guilty of an omission which is sure to produce the results complained of. This is the not keeping horses warm enough from the moment we find their summer coat begins to stir. Its doing so we know arises from the shooting of the young coat, be it a spring or winter one. At this season horses should be kept particularly warm. The plant of the young coat (if I may use the expression) takes its tendency to remaining short and fine, or growing long, in accordance with the warmth the body is kept in at this particular time. It is said, "Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" but if we were to denude the lamb in March of his wool, we are not to expect the temperature of that month will change, that the lamb may not suffer from our act. Be this as it may, I know Nature furnishes a coat to the horse according to climate. The Arab and Persian horse have fine short coats; the Norwegian and Russian, and the Scotch sheltie, a long one. We must, therefore, if we wish a horse to have an Arab coat, keep him in an artificial Arab climate; and, be it recollected, the East was the original birth-place of the horse. Warmth is natural to him. It is only from habit and long use he has grown to thrive in a cold or even temperate one. I am quite convinced the young hair is influenced as to its growth by the feelings of the animal, arising from the temperature we make for him at the time its first germ shows itself. In some proof of this, a friend of mine brought from Norway a horse of that country, and of the prevailing color, a kind of mouse-colored dun, with a blackish list down his back bone. He brought him over in the spring, and his coat would hide your fingers if you ran them through it. Change of climate caused him to shed this earlier than our horses do; and early in April he showed a summer coat as fine as an English horse's. The coat might, perhaps, have been fine in summer in his own country. The bison, who sheds his enormous covering in summer, is then as fine as our ox; but he gets it again as winter approaches; so, doubtless, would my friend's horse have done in Norway. His master, however, took my advice, and kept his Norwegian in (to him) a warm artificial climate from the moment he saw symptoms of a hair stirring. And I can vouch for the fact that this horse carried a coat during the winter as fine as any hunter; indeed, it was particularly fine. The fact was that, from keeping him warm, and the change of climate, the horse's body and skin were in the state we may conclude the Eastern horses to be. We all know that many animals will change in color if taken to a cold climate. If, therefore, cold can so affect the coat as to change its hue, we can readily believe the effect it has on its growth.

I have gone into many stables in winter time, and have found them uncomfortably hot. This arises from our grooms and ourselves feeling the cold, and this calls attention to the warmth of the stables; but when the horse began shedding his coat we probably felt warm enough, and consequently permitted our stables to be too cool, not to say cold—or, at all events, did not keep them up to the necessary warmth, to check the growth of a long coat. Then when we see horses with their coats starting, we shut out every breath of air and run into the other extreme. It is too late; nothing but spring will then have any effect: the singeing-tin is then the only resource.

I am convinced a great deal of mischief is often done from giving horses, as it is termed, a "course of physic," about the time they are shedding their coats, and are, consequently, chilly and cold in themselves. A course of physic! What for? A horse that has been judiciously fed and treated during the summer usually wants no physic. It used to be given to get "the foulness out of him." What foulness? If there is any, why was it permitted to accumulate there? The grooms ought, if it could have been effected, to have been physicked instead of the horses. To do anything periodically with a horse I hold to be bad judgment; for in such cases we are apt to do it whether required or not. It is thus with physic; it should only be given in case of disease or the manifestation of its approach. Formerly horses were physicked in the autumn, to get the summer grass "out of them;" then, when he had got them in high condition and stamina by work and in the spring they again got physic to get the oats "out of them." I suppose to make room for the grass. Nothing could be more preposterous. In those days a mild dose of physic during the hunting season was never thought of, however much the horse might show indications of wanting it, and most of them do.

A great deal has been said and written about ventilation. We English, if we get a thing in our heads, usually carry it to the extreme. Ventilation is quite proper and necessary to a stable, or rather to the horses that inhabit it. It is necessary in a house and the rooms we inhabit; but we do not in cold weather open the windows of the room we are dining in. Our bedroom windows are thrown open when we leave it; but we do not in winter have them so when we are there. Let us act upon the same principle with our horses; let their apartments be warm and comfortable; and then, if the stable and beds are properly kept and cleaned, so that no unpleasant smell of an ammoniacal nature or otherwise is perceived, and no dampness on the walls exists, there is no fear as regards ventilation. I have never heard of any ill effects arising from the wholesome warmth exuding from the body of a healthy horse, though much mischief often done from foul litter and want of proper drainage, want of the floor of the stalls being frequently washed when the horses are out, or, et cetera; but I should be very averse to my horses being started with cold, to let out bad smells occasioned by the negligence of those in care of them. Our own nose will tell us whether a stable is kept properly sweet, and our horses too will in time tell us if it is not.—*London Field.*

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TO MAKE HESS LAY IN WINTER.—Provide—

1. A comfortable roost.
2. Plenty of sand, gravel and ashes, dry, to play in.
3. A box of lime.
4. Boiled meat, chopped fine, every two or three days.
5. Corn and oats, best if boiled tender.
6. All the crumbs and potato parings.

This treatment has proved quite successful—and hence which, without it, gave no eggs, with it immediately laid one each, on an average, every two days.

KEEPING POTATOES IN WINTER.—Potatoes spoil in winter, if buried, from three causes. First, and greatest, want of ventilation. Secondly, and nearly allied, dampness. Thirdly, and more rare, freezing. Farmers find most of their potatoes spoiled at the top of the heap, where they suppose they became frozen; but this is not the usual cause; the damp, foul, steamy air ascended there, and could not escape, and this spoiled them. A hole made in the top, with a crowbar, and closed with a wisp of straw, would have allowed access to the confined air, and saved the potatoes.

COLIC IN CATTLE.—A piece of chloride of lime as big as a walnut, dissolved in a junk bottle of warm water, and given as a drench is a very effective remedy, in use in this region. A bag of salt, wet, and kept on the loins, laid on saddle wise, just back of the saddle, is also efficient, and may be used in connection with the chloride of lime.—*Homestead.*

TO PREVENT GIRDING OF TREES.—Great injury is done to young trees in some districts by the meadow mouse. This little animal always works under cover, and therefore does its mischief in winter, when the snow lies deeply upon the ground. A common and effectual mode of deterring it is that of treading down the snow firmly about the stem directly after every fall of snow. But this is a very troublesome affair. The following mixture will be found to be an efficacious prevention: Take one spadeful of hot slaked lime, one do. of clean cow-dung, half do. of soot, one handful of flower of sulphur, mix the whole together with the addition of sufficient water to bring it to the consistency of thick paint. At the approach of winter paint the trunks of the trees sufficiently high to be beyond the reach of these vermin.—Experience has proved that it does no injury to the tree. A dry day should be chosen for its application. English nurserymen in the habit of protecting nurseries of small trees from the attacks of rabbits, simply by distributing through the squares of the nursery coarse matches made by dipping bunches of rags, or bits of tow, in melted sulphur, and fastening them in split stakes a couple of feet high. The latter are stuck into the ground, among the trees, at from 12 to 20 feet apart, and are said completely to answer the purpose.—*Dorring's Fruit Trees of America.*

YOUNG TREES.—The first remedy, which we find in the Massachusetts Ploughman, is this:— "To prevent rabbits from barking young fruit trees, give the body of the young tree a thorough rubbing with soft soap. This not only prevents the rabbits from barking them, but it protects them against insects, takes all the rough scales off, softens the bark, and renders them much more thrifty than they would be otherwise. This simple recipe will be of vast value to the farmers in many parts of the West. Gearing will prevent rabbits from barking fruit trees, but it will also injure the tree."

The next we find in the Valley Farmer, from B. A. Rives:— "I tear up old newspapers in strips fifteen or eighteen inches long, and wrap them around the body of the tree, commencing at the ground, and securing it with common twine. The paper will withstand all the rain that falls on it, and I never knew a tree injured by rabbits that was thus protected. Another advantage of the plan is, that it can be so quickly done—one person can tie up a hundred trees in two hours."

THOSE LOUSY CATTLE.—It was a great mistake that you ever suffered them to get lousy. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure in this case, as in many others. But you are in for it, and the animals are inhabited.—What is to be done? Serve them as the hens serve themselves, when they have a chance. They insist upon dust, rigorously applied, and shaken in between every individual feather.—Watch them and you will find old and young busy, on the sunny side of a dirt bank, fighting lice with dirt. Apply this vermifuge with like persistence to the backs of your afflicted animals, and we will warrant a cure. Scotch snuff is indeed good, and so is tobacco water, but dirt is much cheaper.

OVER-REACHING HORSES.—A writer in the N. E. Farmer, who is a blacksmith, cures over-reaching horses, and increases their trotting speed fifteen or twenty seconds per mile, by the following mode of shoeing, which increases the motion of the forward feet, and retains the motion of the hind ones. He makes the toe-caulks very low, standing a little under, and the shoe set as far backward as convenient, on the forward feet, with high heel-caulks, so as to let them roll over as soon as possible. On the hind feet, the heel-caulk is low and the toe-caulk high and projecting forward. Horses shod thus, travel clean, with no click.

EARLY MARRIAGES.—She stood beside the altar when she was but sixteen. She was in love; her destiny rested on a creature as delicate, and who had known as little of the world as herself. She looked lovely as she pronounced the vow. Think of a vow from auburn hair, eyes, and pouting lips, only sixteen years old. She stood at the wash tub when her twenty-fifth birthday arrived. The hair, the lips, the eyes were not calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the house crying—some breaking things, and one urging the necessity of an immediate supply of the lactical secretion. She stopped in despair and sat down, and tears trickled down her once plump and ruddy cheeks. Alas, Nancy, early marriages are not the dodge. Better enjoy youth at home, and hold lovers at a proper distance until you have muscle, limb and heart enough to face a frowning world and family. If a chap really cares for you, he can wait for two or three years, make presents, take you to concerts, and so on, until the time comes. Early marriages and early calbages are tender productions.

SOLOMON'S JUDGMENT.—Some time since one of your correspondents desired to know a parallel to Solomon's Judgment. One occurs in *Gesta Romanorum*. Three youths to decide a question are desired by their referee, the King of Jerusalem, to shoot at their father's dead body. One refuses; and to him, as the rightful heir, the legacy is awarded.

In Harleian Ms. 4523, is a similar story told as occurring in the kingdom of Pegu: one woman's child was carried away by an alligator; she and another mother claim a child; they are desired to pull for it; the infant cries, and one instantly quits her hold, and the judge awards the child to her.

The former incident was frequently quoted in the pulpit. The Emperor Claudius (*Suetonius in Claudius*, c. xv.), when a woman refused to acknowledge her son, ordered them to be married. The mother confessed her child at once. Probably this is the incident for which the inquiry was made.—*Notes and Queries.*

TO DISPUTANTS.—It is possible that many of the opinions for which we persecute one another, relate to matters which our faculties are unable to comprehend. It is possible that, if our controversies could be submitted to the decision of beings of higher knowledge and intelligence than those of man, they would tell us that, for the most part, we are disputing about things which signify no realities, and debating propositions which, being unmeaning, possess neither truth nor falsehood. One thing at least seems clear—that, if the Being who inspired the texts on which different sects found their arguments, had intended us to agree in an interpretation of them, He would not have left them susceptible of many.—*Archbishop Whately.*

## The Riddler.

## BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 12 letters.  
My 2, 4, 10, 12, wears a moustache.  
My 6, 9, 4, 6, is a sea in Palestine.  
My 3, 4, 5, 6, is a division in a city.  
My 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, means to attend to.  
My 10, 11, 12, is a sea in Asia, and a river and lake in the United States.  
My 10, 9, 8, is an abbreviation of the title of honor.  
My 12, 4, 5, is a river in North Carolina.  
My 3, 4, 10, 12, is what we sometimes see on some people's hands.  
My 2, 4, 6, is what boys often call their fathers.  
My 6, 4, 5, 7, means to venture.  
My whole is a distinguished orator and statesman of the present day.  
W. A. R.

## ANATOMICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 27 letters.  
My 1, 2, 3, 23, 24, 25, 26, is the muscle which elevates the arm.  
My 2, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is a tooth-like process of the dentures.  
My 3, 2, 23, 24, 25, 26, is the name given to the angle (corner) of the eye.  
My 1, 6, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is in anatomy an element.  
My 6, 13, 14, 8, 16, 15, 26, is the bone of the arm.  
My 5, 24, 23, 22, 21, 20, is a nerve leading from the brain to the eye.  
My 6, 23, 22, 21, 20, is the name of the vertebrae or spinal column.  
My 7, 23, 22, 21, 20, is a name applied to the ducts, &c., of the liver.  
My 8, 23, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, is a substance investing the teeth.  
My 9, 22, 21, 20, 25, 26, is a name given to the nostrils.  
My 23, 22, 21, 20, is an early time.  
My 10, 27, 21, 22, 23, 24, is one of the bones of the forearm.  
My 6, 7, 8, 22, 21, 20, is the source of life.  
My 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, is that branch of anatomy which treats of muscles.  
My 13, 26, 16, 10, 13, 11, is a term used by anatomists denoting the dermis or outer skin.  
My 31, 20, 18, 25, 9, 6, 13, is relating to the diaphragm.  
My 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is the anatomical name for the forehead.  
My 31, 20, 30, 29, 28, 31, 6, 13, is pertaining to the forehead.  
My 20, 28, 27, 26, 25, 24, 23, 22, is the right orifice of the stomach.  
My 10, 23, 21, 33, 15, 12, is the anatomical name for an aperture or slit.  
My 6, 9, 10, 23, is a name for the chin.  
My whole is an eminent anatomist of this city.  
Philadelphia. PETER A. D.

## REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
The name of a river of England.  
My first you've heard of I trow;  
Tis also a river of Scotland;  
And my next you've eaten ere now.  
My third have in ages long back;  
Faint doctores and teachings spread forth;  
And 'tis true have been stretched on the rack,  
By order and decree of my fourth.  
The initials of these you can find,  
I'm sure of in very many a mind;  
And when done 'twill bring to your mind,  
That my whole crowns the church of St. Peter.  
CINROS.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
My first's an abbreviation,  
Please bear it in mind;  
My second's a habitation  
For the animal kind.  
My third's oft made in summer,  
It is a kind of food;  
My fourth's a title of honor—  
I think I'm understood.  
My whole in Europe you can find,  
A city 'twill bring to view;  
You can guess its name if you're inclined,  
For it is not hard to do.  
Peques, Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

## RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 6 letters.  
Omit my 4, 6, and I am what makes wrinkles on our brow.  
Omit my 1, 4, 5, and I am a specimen of human skill.  
Omit my 1, 4, 5, and I become a very troublesome insect animal.  
Omit my 1, 2, 3, and I become a tame animal.  
Omit my 1, 4, 6, and I become a bird.  
Omit my 1, 4, 5, and I become a weed.  
My whole is to be seen in almost every parlor.  
Maple Hill, Vigo Co., Ind. O. J. SMITH.

## ANAGRAMS ON NAMES OF COUNTIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
1. Som hat. 4. Pop rock Hanna.  
2. To Fred Har. 5. No Gal.  
3. Grove Tommy. 6. Rumble Earl.  
HARRY BOWMAN.

## GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
A conical cup is 5 1/2 as deep as it is wide at the top; it is 6-3/4 full of water; and if a ball 3 inches in diameter be let fall into it, it will just be immersed. Required, the width and depth of the cup?  
Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

## CONUNDRUMS.

Q. Why is a woman often making a noise? Ans.—Because she's generally in a bustle.  
Q. Why are the profits of a drinking saloon like the purchases made now-days at some of our fashionable dry goods establishments? Ans.—Because they are bargains.  
Q. Why is chicken pie like a gunsmith's store. Ans.—Because it contains fowling pieces.  
Q. When does a man dislike his food? Ans.—When he's compelled to swallow his rage.

## ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Passenger Railroad.  
ENIGMA.—Jupiter the king of the gods. ENIGMA.—The opening of the first American Congress. CHA-RADE.—Penmanship. CHA-RADE.—Concord.  
ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—A \$20.75; B \$23.50; C \$73.09; D \$20.25.

## ANSWER TO CHARADE PUBLISHED 11th OF NOVEMBER.

"Man," when uttered into being;  
At first was free from guile;  
And in the lovely Eden  
Sweetly passed awhile.  
That scorched, the page of history